

DONOT DELAY

But call and examine our stock of Flour, Feed Bran, Pork, Sugar and Tea at prices never heard of before. 3 lbs of dust tea for 10c. All goods guaranteed to give satisfaction or will cheerfully refund the money. GEO. HAMMERS of Tenet store.

NAPANEE

\$1.00 Per Annum Strictly in Advance.]

J. J. Conway, Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONT.

DON'T - FORGET

THAT

McAllister & Co

HAVE

REMOVED

next door to

Boyes' Telegraph & Ticket Office

CALL THERE TO-DAY

FOR YOUR

CLOTHING,

Hats, Caps,

Underclothing,

Ties, Collars and Cuffs, Shirts

UMBRELLAS,

Rubber Coats, Overcoats,

AND SUITS.

BIG STOCK OF

New Goods in each Department

Address to the New Postoffice, Napanee.

Written for THE EXPRESS.

There, Postoffice, 'tis no offense
That I, a lad of no pretence,
Would wish you joy and happiness,
And length of days;
And growing trade and opulence,
Beyond my phrase.

Ye're worthy of a nobler strain
Than my poor muse can attain;
And yet the while a verse I'll strain
In humble key,
Twill be as 'twere a friendly chain
'Tween you and me.

My word! ye needna hide your face,
Just jest a credit to the place,
A picture quite of strength and grace,
And fair proportions;
Your architect ye'll ne'er disgrace,
Like some abortions.

Your massive walls are firmly laid,
Each block is in its proper bed,
Ye needna be the least afraid
The hand of spation;
The eye that critic should be glad
To find no defect.

And when you're looking at the height
And your odds and ends are set right,
Ye'll be a peerless sight
For many a day;
When they who made you right and tight,
Have passed away.

And when we sing thy looks so grand,
We can't forget the hands that planned,
The hands that made thee forth to stand
Of still a monument;
Who cut and carved with cunning hand
Each pleasing ornament.

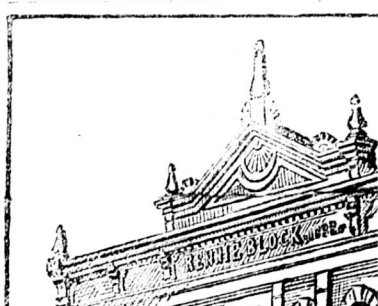
Guid bless the lads, I ken them a'—
A blither squad I never saw;
They brother-like together draw
In working matters;
Nor quarrels o'er some wee bit flaw,
Or foolish clatters.

The worthy puffers, Ben and Hugh,
Have hands and brains possessed by few,
And Gordie Thompson, a' folks lo'e,
And Elgin Bell;
Then Peter Travers, I never knew
A better chiel.

And Johnny Webster, quiet, sedate
And Stevens, a worthy mate,
And Wigglesworth, a dill-die-prate
'Bout bonnie lasses;
And rhyming Jack that's no way late
Wi' "schonert" glasses.

And others who've left Napanee,
But haven't left our memories;
Such chieftas done Jim Emery,
And many mair;
Wha've gone away ower land and sea,
The Lord ken where.
And other names we havena time
To mention in this random rhyme,
Guid bless them as hie's bairn they climb
To life's sad end—
Then bring them to a happier clime,
Amen! Amen!

JOHN MCALLISTER.



For Sale
A fine lot of land in the town of Napanee, Ontario, containing about 10 acres, and well adapted for farming. The land is well watered and the buildings are in good repair. The price is \$1000.00. For further particulars apply to the proprietor.

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MEN!

Our Specific No. 1 permanently restores EXHAUSTED VITALITY, LOST MANHOOD and GENERAL DEBILITY when other treatment fails. Send 5 cents in stamps for our TREATISE and DIRECTIONS or home cure. TORONTO MEDICINE CO. 415 B. Ave. Toronto, Ont.

Send 6 cents in stamps for our TREATISE and DIRECTIONS or home cure. TORONTO MEDICINE CO. 313 S. Ave. Toronto, Ont

JOHN RENNIE

Real Estate Dealer and Broker.

30 Adelaide street, East, Toronto.
Has on sale some fine farms in Manitoba and other places, give on the two great chances, viz. 200 acres of rich prairie land about 10 miles from Winnipeg. Present price 2000 dollars. Next year will be quite double in value. Full particulars on application. Apply

JAMES AYLSWORTH,

Clerk, 7th Division Court,
(County of Lennox and Addington.)
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
CONVEYANCER,
COMMISSIONER, ETC., IN H.C.J.,
Insurance, Money Lending and General Business Agent.
TAMWORTH, ONT.

Noted for promptness and reliability.—Patronage solicited. 4587lv

MONEY TO LOAN.

I am prepared to loan money in sum \$400, on approval, the security of first mortgage, Farm and Town Property.

A. C. G. & L. PER CENT, STRAIGHT.

I am prepared to lend money in sum \$400, on approval, the security of first mortgage, Farm and Town Property.

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New Goods in each Department

McALISTER & CO.

3888z

LARGEST IN CANADA.

Fonthill Nurseries.

We want reliable energetic men to sell our nursery stock; previous experience not necessary; any man with tact and energy can succeed; terms liberal either salary or commission; outfit free.

Our agents have many advantages, such as selling home grown hardy Canadian stock. This season we have a number of choice specialties which are of value and which can only be secured from us, such as a complete list of New Russian Apples, the Piton Pear, Saunders Plum Hilbert Raspberry, Moore's Ruby and Black Champion Currants, Moore's Diamond Grape, etc.

We have given particular attention to the propagation of hardy varieties suitable to the northern sections of Canada. For terms apply to

STONE & WELLINGTON.

2988m

Toronto, Ont

TENANT WANTED

OR

The Switzer Homestead

Having been advised by my physician to go south for the winter, I have decided to sell my farm on most advantageous terms. It comprises 200 acres, being Lot 11, in the 6th Concession of Huron township. The farm is well fenced and in excellent state of cultivation, considerable being new land—only one crop taken off. All is in good condition for spring seeding. A lot of timothy and clover seedling has been done, which has taken nicely. The farm is well situated, being six miles from Napanee and three from Newburgh. On the place is a church and school-house. There is a large stone house and new frame dwelling, and good large barn and stables on the premises, the latter being fitted up comfortably and conveniently for stock raising. The stables are of stone, with water inside. Young bearing orchard. Plenty of fuel and excellent well water. Will be rented low.

R. N. SWITZER.

P. S.—Implement or stock can be had from me at very reasonable figures.

October, 1888

2888atf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF CHARLES A. BRIDE, OF THE TOWNSHIP OF THIRTON, IN THE COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON, EXECUTOR.

The above named insolvent, Charles McBride, has made an assignment to me of his estate and effects in pursuance of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 121, in trust for the benefit of his creditors.

A meeting of the creditors of the said Charles McBride will be held at my office.

AT THE COURT HOUSE,

IN THE TOWN OF NAPANEE, ON

Wednesday, October 31st, 1888.

At the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for the appointing of inspectors and the giving of directions for the disposal of the estate.

Creditors are required to file their claims against the said estate with me, duly verified by affidavit, on or before the day of such meeting, as provided by the said statutes.

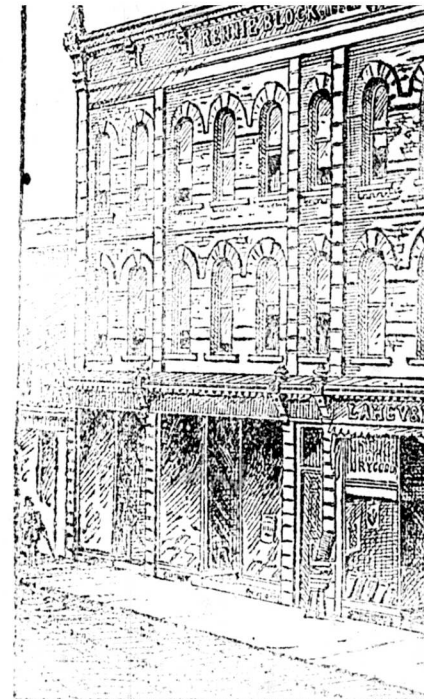
O. T. PRUYN,

Sheriff County of Lennox and Addington

ASSIGNED

Dated at Napanee, Oct. 10th, 1888.

2888b



The above is a cut of the new Rennie block some time ago expected to give to our readers. It will be the most imposing looking business block. The building is of modern design, and is fitted with all the latest improvements. There are three stories—the one on the largest, and that to the west the smallest. The a boot and shoe merchant; the centre store for other is the dry goods establishment of Messrs. L. The latter is 90 feet deep, and the others 70 feet. The stores are lighted glass windows, and the rest of the building with windows. The ceilings are high, and ventilated by hot air from a furnace placed in the basement. It is a fine substantial structure, reflecting upon the proprietor and builders, and adds many fine structures of the town.

The Horses of the County.

Editor of THE EXPRESS.
DEAR SIR,—I attended most of the shows in this county this year and was much delighted with the very creditable show of stock. It is quite evident that the people are becoming more alive to the fact that it is best to raise good animals. It is gratifying to find that it is now a general sentiment that the farmers in this section are trying an improvement, viz: trying to concentrate in one animal the three qualities of roadster, farm and heavy draught—three distinct types; each requiring a peculiar form and very different from the other. In breeding for farm use, or the foreign market, care must be had as to the article demanded. For carriage and roadsters we want the thoroughbred sire, of which "War Cry" is a fair type of the former and "Stanton Jr." or "Highland Roy" of the latter. For the farm, either the Percheron or Suffolk Punch—compact, smooth-turned, "2-story-on-the-ground" horses, which can draw a moderate load or take you to market without the risk of dying of old age before you get there. "Young Romulus" is a good specimen. For heavy draught the Clydesdale and shire horses are the favorites, having great bone and muscle, with good walking action, of which "Prince Royal," "Cass Grant" and "Western Lad" are good types. Such horses are not in very great demand for home use but find ready sale at good prices in the American market.

There is too much jealousy shown on the part of the owners of Clydesdale throughout

EXPRESS

DO NOT DELAY
But call and examine
our stock of Flour Feed
Bran, Pork, Sugar and
Tea at prices never
heard of before; will
sell 20 per cent cheaper
than any other house in
town. 164 lbs of good
Brown Sugar for \$1. 12
bars of family soap 25c
32381y G. I. HAM

[\$1.50 if not paid till end of year.

T., FRIDAY, OCT. 19, 1888.

VOL. XXVII. No. 46

Board of Education.

Sept. 24.—A special meeting of the board was held this evening, all the members being present except Mr. Hall.

The chairman presiding stated that the object of calling the meeting was for the purpose of considering the request of Mr. Fessenden, asking to be released from his engagement with the board, in consequence of his having been tendered the position of headmaster of the Perth collegiate institute; and also the resignation of Mr. Martin, the latter to take effect Oct. 31, 1888.

Mr. Martin's resignation was accepted, and the committee on teachers instructed to procure a teacher to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Fessenden's request was not granted.

The monthly meeting was held in council chamber on Tuesday evening. Members present—J. A. Saxsmith, chairman; W. A. Morden, Hanley, Coxall, Preston and Childie.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

The committee to whom was referred the matter of salaries to janitors made a verbal report, and also a recommendation relative to a claim made by Mr. Pringle,—an allowance for rent.

Upon motion of Mr. Preston, seconded by Mr. Hanley, the report was referred back to the committee to report more fully in writing respecting both matters at next meeting.

Reports of Messrs. Bowerman and Black received and read, and on motion were ordered to be laid on the table.

Moved by Mr. Preston, seconded by Mr. Coxall, that the teachers in the public schools keep a record of all cases of corporal punishment inflicted and the reasons, and that a book be provided for that purpose. Carried.

An application from Miss N. L. Grange, asking for an increase of salary, was read.

Moved by Mr. Morden, seconded by Mr. Coxall, that the board cannot entertain any applications looking to an increase of salary until midsummer vacation, and the secretary was instructed to inform Miss Grange accordingly. Carried.

The account of T. S. Henry was ordered to be returned to him, to be made out separately, and then referred to the respective committees with power to act.

to the special committee appointed to procure plans for the Nananee High School building with power to act.

An account of A. W. Grange was referred to committee with power to act.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid: R. Light, lumber, M. S. and S. G., \$1.76; J. P. Smith, brooms, \$2.65; T. Pearson, labor, \$1.20; J. H. Phillips, tuning organ, \$2.

Presbytery of Kingston.

A meeting of this Presbytery, adjourned from the 17th ult., was held in the Presbyterian Church here on Tuesday, the 9th inst. There was a good attendance of members.

The principal items of business were the consideration of the Rev'd T. S. Chambers' resignation of the pastoral charge of Wolfe Island, and also his demission of the office of Presbytery clerk—an office which he has held for a period of nearly twenty-three years. These resignations were caused by the necessity of the removal to a warmer climate on account of the health of a member of the family.

There was also to be considered a call from the congregation of Wallacestown, in the Presbytery of London, Ont., in favor of the Rev'd Donald Kelso, minister of Roslin and Thurlow.

The resignations of Mr. Chambers were accepted with much regret, both on the part of the Presbytery and the congregation of Wolfe Island, but in the circumstances nothing else could be done.

Mr. Young was appointed clerk pro tempore—the appointment of a permanent clerk having been postponed till the next regular quarterly meeting in December.

The Rev. Mr. Kelso having signified his acceptance of the call presented to him, his translation was agreed to, and he was instructed to await the orders of the Presbytery of London, for induction into his new charge.

After attending to a few matters of ordinary routine business, of no interest to the general public, the Presbytery adjourned to meet again in the city of Belleville, and within St. Andrew's Church there, on the 17th of December next at 7.30 o'clock P. M.

The account of T. G. Rutley was referred

N. T. & Q. R. Notes.

Affairs around the tidy station of the N. T. & Q. R. denote that winter is coming. The flowers have been taken in and "banking" done where necessary.

The head office have been re-modelled. Mr. Sherwood now has his office a little to the west of his old room. His late desk-room has been thrown into the general office. Other minor improvements have been made, giving the place a pleasing and comfortable appearance.

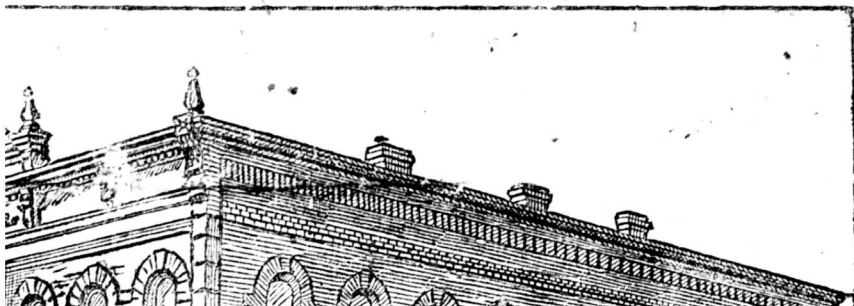
The arbitration between the company and Robt Adair, for his land at Tamworth and damages has been held. Instead of getting the \$300 he asked for, Mr Adair receives \$75 for about a fifth of an acre of his property and is to be allowed to remove his barn. Each to pay half the costs of arbitration.

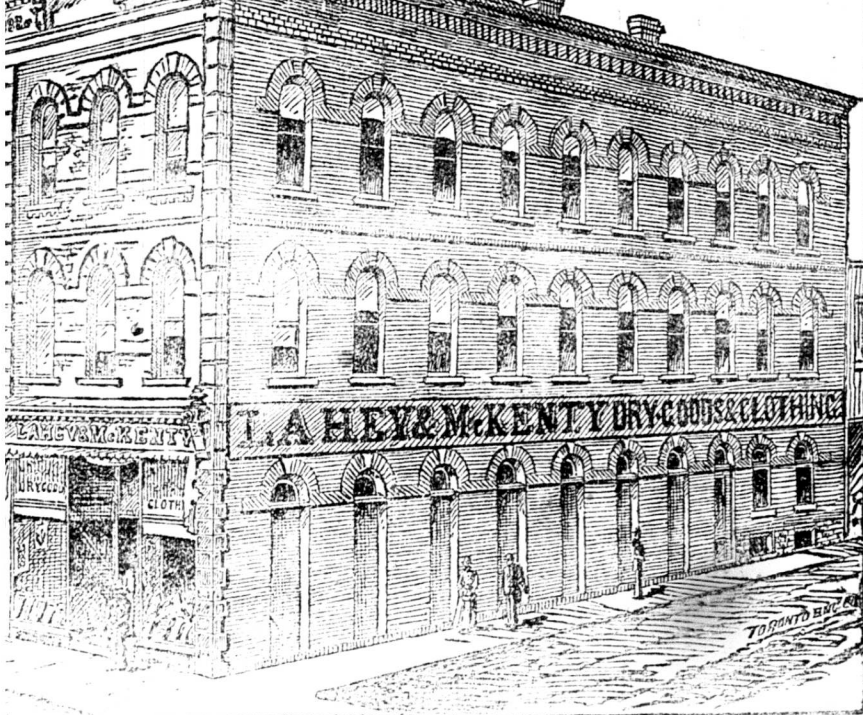
For some little time past Messrs W. R. Aylsworth and H. B. Sherwood have been negotiating for the right of way for the Tweed extension. A considerable portion has been purchased. This week they were out there on the same mission.

The company is pushing the work of the extension forward with vigor. Already the road is graded through the farms of Messrs Milligan, Miller and Armstrong, and men are now working on Mr Burns' lot. Tuesday a representative of the Dominion bridge company went out to Tamworth to superintend the construction of the bridge across the Salmon river. It will be an A 1 structure, 67 ft span, of eighteen tons weight, with buttments of stone.

The Bear Hunt

—The Kingston News gives the following additional particulars regarding the bear hunt at Wilton:—This morning, Mr. O. C. Storms, of Wilton, arrived in the city with the carcass of a black bear, which he and four others killed about four o'clock this morning. The animal is a large one and will weigh near 400 pounds. For some time past it has been annoying the residents around Wilton and fearing it would do some harm, it was decided by Mr. Sweet and Mr. Geo. Babcock and others to hunt Bruin. They watched for him all last night and at four o'clock their efforts were rewarded, when by the aid of the lantern they trailed him. A spaniel dog took the lead and the party followed. Babcock carried a lantern and a revolver. Every time he came close to the animal he would fire. Suddenly the bear stopped and Babcock was so close that he ran against the brute and quick as lightning the bear was on top. He buried his teeth in Babcock's side, and then in his thigh and leg, lacerating the flesh badly. The rest of the party were afraid to fire for fear of shooting Babcock instead of the bear. The spaniel when he saw Babcock down rushed at the bear and bit so savagely about the hind legs that the bear was forced to let the victim alone, and turn his attention to the dog. This gave the rest of the party an opportunity and they soon killed the big fellow. Babcock's injuries though painful will not result fatally. He owes his life to the spaniel, but the poor dog was itself shot





RENNIE BLOCK.

the block, which we some-
times call the Rennie
block, and it is a
block with every conven-
ience on the corner being the
store for a grocery, and the
Messrs. Lahey & McKenty.
The store is 70 feet, and are very
well lighted in front by plate
glass with large two-pane
l ventilation good. It is
in the commodious base-
ment, reflecting much credit
and adds materially to the

Since entering their premises the popular business men have
had a number of little additions made to the former arrange-
ments of the store, and have filled it up with an excellent stock of
general goods. As we pointed out at the time we gave an extended
description of the block, Messrs. Lahey & McKenty have divid-
ed their business into departments. Staples, trousers and gents'
furnishings occupy the east side; on the west side are dress goods,
silks, fancy goods, corsets, prints, cretonnes, hosiery, gloves, etc.
At the rear is the carpet, lace, curtain and oil cloth department.
Down-stairs is the ready made clothing and hat and cap depart-
ment, while on the second floor is the dress and mantle making
room presided over by Miss Barrett. Another department is
that of ordered clothing, to which they are devoting considerable
attention. Messrs. Lahey & McKenty have their premises fitted
up with the view of expeditiously waiting upon customers, and
have increased their business considerably since moving.

the country. This should not be, for the
heavy work has his place and use, and
so has the Percheron and Panch. Let each
keep to his own line and not try to pro-
duce three opposite types in the same ani-
mal. A Stock Raiser.

Town Council.

The town council met in regular session
on Monday night, with the following mem-
bers in attendance: Mayor, in the chair;
reeve, deputy-revee and Councillors Bowen, Lane,
Aylsworth, Carson, Fennel, Davis, Menden
and Gibbard.

Minutes of former session were read and
adopted.

A letter was read from the McMahon
Co regarding waterworks and sewers.
Filed for reference.

Communications were read from Daniel
Henwood and J. Webster, asking to be
appointed tax collector.

A letter was read from Omer Killorn, of
the Kingston Medical College, asking for
bodies of tramps dying in the jail. Filed.

Coun Davis reported pay list for the
month of \$51.33. Adopted.

The street committee was instructed to
build a new sidewalk on the south side of
Isabella st, the material in old sidewalk
to be utilized, and to continue the
sidewalk as far as Mr. Miller's. They
were also instructed to fix culvert asked
for by Mr. Lloyd some time ago.

Nightwatchman Emerson's report was
read and filed.

The question of waterworks was brought

up, and after a little discussion the matter
was left in the hands of the Fire, Water
and Gas Committee.

Coun Gibbard introduced a by-law to
amend by-law regarding the tax collector.

It was put through the several stages and
finally passed.

Mr. D. Henwood's name was presented as
collector at a salary of \$125.

A report from the Drury Co, for
coal, \$178, was referred to the Fire,
Water and Gas Committee, together with
Dr A. Rutan, \$25, for setting lag of men
who fell from building, was referred to
Finance Committee with power to act; the
treasurer's vouchers, \$52.11, were ordered to
be paid, as also Mr. Storms account \$5.20,
for ticket to Whitby.

On motion Levi Kelly's account of \$5, for
keeping street clear of cattle, etc., was re-
ferred to the Street Committee as his work
was not altogether satisfactory. The Com-
mittee to have power to act.

Council adjourned until Wednesday night.

At the meeting on Wednesday night A.
H. Allison was granted a license for two
pool tables for the balance of this year, and
a short date rate fixed for billiard tables.

The new collector submitted the names
of Alex Henry and Jno Wilson as bonds-
men, which were accepted, and the clerk
instructed to hand him the bill.

Pro- A. H. Allison with
posed a motion that the
clerk be instructed to
hand him the bill.

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clerk be instructed to
hand him the bill.

victim alone, and turn his attention to the
dog. This gave the rest of the party an
opportunity and they soon killed the big
fellow. Babcock's injuries though painful
will not result fatally. He owes his life to
the spaniel, but the poor dog was itself shot
by one of the bullets. Mr Storms says that
he will endeavor to save the spaniel's life if
possible. He was offered twelve dollars for
the skin of the bear.

Suit Against Rev S Card

Our former townsman, Rev. S. Card,
is not without his troubles and trials. He
is being sued on account of malicious prose-
cution. A year ago Lucy McKenty, of
North Gower, died in Watertown under
sad circumstances. Her remains were taken
to North Gower for burial, and an action be-
gan against an old gentleman named An-
drews charged with being the girl's be-
trayer. Rev. Mr. Card, pastor of the church
of which Andrews was a member, began a
church investigation. Joel B. Beaman, Mer-
rickville, uncle of the dead girl, who also
belonged to Card's church, was found guilty
of the offence charged against Andrews, and
was expelled. Beaman applied for another
trial which was refused, and then Beaman
began a suit at law. Messrs. John K.
Lavell, Smith's Falls, and Joel B. Beaman,
Merrickville, visited Watertown to gather
testimony towards proving Beaman's inno-
cence. It appears that the elder sister of
the deceased girl told that a guilty uncle had
been supplying her with money, and upon
the death of Lucy, she sent a telegram to
the uncle to come to Watertown. Beaman
came. This evidence was gleaned together
with other points. The case was called in
court but adjourned until the next Brock-
ville assizes. B. B. Bolton, Q.C., has been
retained for the prosecution and Mr. J.
Jamieson, M.P., brother of our townsman,
Mr. T. Jamieson, for the defence.

The A O U W Concert

The Napanee Workmen have succeeded
in securing excellent talent for their concert
to take place in the opera house on Friday
evening, Nov. 2nd, viz: Miss Annie Fracliek
of Kingston; Jas. Pax, of Toronto; Miss
Burdette, of Belleville, and Mr. and Mrs.
Bignell, of Guelph. The two first named
have been before Napanee audiences and
met with much favor, so that it is needless
to quote opinions regarding them. Of Miss
Burdette, the Toronto Saturday Night
says: "Miss Burdette, of Belleville, is
another first appearance in Toronto and
speedily won her way into the good graces
of the audience. She has a beautiful and
correct voice and has presented a fine
Bignell. The Mercury says: "Miss B. B.
was greeted with applause on her appear-
ance. She sang Kerry Dwyer with spirit and
feeling. Her finely modulated voice ap-
peared to advantage in 'Waiting.' Admission
25c; no extra charge for reserved seats.

Lapum's Misconduct

Judge Wilkison presided at the sittings
of the Division Court held here on Wednes-
day. The only case that attracted attention
was that of McKay and Lapum, in which
John A. McKay sued E. S. Lapum for twenty-
seven yards of dannel taken from the
plaintiff's shop by the defendant. The evi-
dence showed that Lapum knew that he was
doing wrong when he took the goods, and
the Judge took him to task very severely.
In giving judgment against the defendant
he said "Mr. Lapum was a guilty party.
He admits that he was watching for an op-
portunity to get McKay absent in order to
get the dannel. The whole transaction is
uncreditable to Mr. Lapum. Lapum
arrangements which he must have
known to be illegal to take the property
from McKay, the object of the party."

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

By M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "WYLLARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.—"LET ME BE YOUR SERVANT."

Valentine Belfield did not go to the Great Western Hotel after he left the house in Lisson Grove. He was too deeply agitated to go quietly back to his hotel, and eat a good supper and drink a bottle of wine and go to bed and rest. He knew that sleep was impossible, unless he could bring it about by sheer fatigue, as he had done when he walked from the Abbey to Bideford and had slept the sleep of exhaustion in the bottom of the little sailing boat. His only chance to-night was to walk down the devil of restlessness that was in him; so he turned his face northward and walked to Hampstead, and then struck off towards Finchley and Hendon, and roamed about among fields and lanes all night, and at seven o'clock, breakfasted at a little public-house by the side of a canal, somewhere between Finchley-road and Child's Hill. It was a house chiefly affected by bargemen, and nobody took any particular notice of him, the barmaid merely remarking that in all probability he was a swell who had been on the drink last night, and had been walking about to sober himself. He was sober enough this morning evidently, and was proof against all the barmaid's blandishments, though she had taken the trouble to take her hair out of papers before she carried him his breakfast of eggs and bacon and strong tea.

He had eaten nothing yesterday except the dainty little plate of bread and butter supplied by Madge, and he was faint and sick from the unaccustomed fast.

He fell asleep by the fire in the public-house parlour, slept through the entrances and exits of several relays of bargemen, slept amidst the odour of beer and the jingle of pewter pots, dozed on till the afternoon, and then paid his score and went away. He made his way across the fields to the Edgware-road, and thence to Lisson Grove, where he went into a sloop-seller's shop and bought a complete suit of such clothes as are worn by the lower order of working men—an Oxford shirt, corduroy trousers, fustian jacket, and hob-nailed boots. He changed his clothes on the premises, and reappeared in Lisson Grove in corduroy and fustian, leaving his own things to be kept till called for. The shopman wondered not a little at this transformation.

"It's a lark," answered Mr. Belfield, as he walked out of the shop.

"Well, I must say that I never laid eyes on a less larkly looking gent to be up to such a move as that," said the young Israelite, to his fellow shopman, as he put Mr. Belfield's clothes away.

"There's a lady at the bottom of it, I make no doubt, Benjamin," replied the other, dismissing the subject, which remark was more accurate than speculative observations are wont to be.

It was dusk when Mr. Belfield rang the bell at the Folone Hope. Madge opened the door and did not recognise him, as he stood facing her silently; with his back to the light.

"What do you want, my good man?"

"I want to be your servant, as I told you last night."

Mr. Belfield, why are you still hanging about here?" cried Madge, in an agonized tone. "This is sheer madness."

"I believe it is, next door to madness."

as window-cleaners. To-night you can take a holiday, but on future evenings we can give you some penmanship to do for us, letters to charitable people who help us. What must we call you, by-the-bye? You have a second Christian name, I think!"

"Yes. I was christened John Valentine but I was always called by the second name, because my mother preferred it."

"Then here we will call you John."

She began to prepare the tea, as she had done on the previous evening, and two of the sisters came in to fetch the trays for their patients. One was an elderly woman, the other a girl of two-and-twenty, a pale gentle-looking creature, with a wistful expression in her large blue eyes.

Madge introduced Valentine to them as Mr. John, a person who in the outside world had been a gentleman, but who offered himself to them as a servant.

"If all the sisters approve, I think we may keep him here and find him very useful," she said. "In the meantime he will stay here for to-night, and he can help you both in carrying round the coal-scuttles after tea."

Sister Agnes, the fair girl, sat down to tea with Madge and Valentine. She had a slightly nervous manner, and spoke rarely but Valentine was interested in her appearance, and inquired her history by-and-by when she had gone back to her duties on the upper floor.

"Her's is a sad story. She belongs to very rich people, and three years ago her life was a round of gaiety. She fell in love with an army doctor, and her family were all opposed to the match, and made her break off her engagement. He went to Egypt and was killed in the Soudan. She heard of his death unexpectedly from her partner at a dance, and for six months afterwards she was out of her mind. When she recovered, nothing would induce her to resume her old life of fine clothes and parties, nothing would induce her to hear of another lover. She devotes her life to charitable work, and all the money her father gives her is given to the poor. He is very liberal to her, although he disapproves of her way of life. She spends only one day of every week in this house, but she works for us out of doors, going about the streets at night, and talking to wretched women whom few girls of her age would have the courage to approach. That fragile looking woman has penetrated the darkest alleys about Clare Market, the most dangerous streets in Ratcliff Highway, where even the police go at the risk of their lives. She has never suffered any harm, has hardly ever been insulted by a coarse word. She has done more good than any other member of our sisterhood, although all have worked well."

"She can take your place when you have gone to the other side of the world, Madge."

Madge shook her head with a sweet, serious look, full of tenderness.

"I shall never leave my work, Mr. Belfield. I have given myself to it as much as if I had taken a vow. I am very sorry for you, I would do much to befriend you or to be of use to you, but I have put my hand to the plough, and I shall never take it away."

Valentine got up and began to pace the room fuming.

chosen to come there, and she had not denied him shelter. She had taken upon herself in some wise the responsibility of his existence, since she had spoken of him to the Sisters; and now she felt that his presence there would be a constant source of anxiety and mental disturbance. She would have to be perpetually on her guard, forever denying a love which was the strongest passion of her life. It had been in her despair at resigning him, that she had gone upon her mission to her mother. All that she had done for others had been the offshoot of her despairing love for him. And now he offered himself to her in honour, and she refused him.

"If I give way to his fancy he will forget all the past, and his repentance will become a mockery," she said to herself. "I cannot stand in the place of his dead wife. I cannot profit by his crime. How could I ever be at peace remembering that it was murder that set him free to be my husband?"

CHAPTER XLIV.—IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD?

The Coroner was a portly gentleman of sixty-five, who had fulfilled all the duties of a general practitioner in Chadford and the surrounding villages for upwards of thirty years, and who had retired on a comfortable fortune made partly by his profession, and partly by fortunate investments in modest little branches and loops of the great railway system, which had developed into important lines. He had bought for himself an estate of forty odd acres; a excellent pasture land between the Chad and the shoulder of the moor, and he had built for himself one of those essentially Philistine houses, of the streaky bacon order of architecture, which are the delight of men who make their fortunes in country towns. Altogether, Mr. Mapleson was a very worthy person; and when the office of Coroner became vacant his name appeared at the head of the poll. Mr. Mapleson's study was a small square apartment, furnished with red morocco-bound books of reference, a whip rack, and a formidable row of boots, which imparted an odour of Day and Martin to the atmosphere. Into this somewhat prosaic chamber, Me notte, otherwise Markham, the detective, was ushered by the man-of-all-work, alias butler, on the morning of the discovery in the Abbey river; and in the briefest phraseology he told what had happened, and his own conclusions therefrom.

"You think it is a case of murder," said Mr. Mapleson, biting the end of his pen.

"It can be nothing else. There is a carpet rolled round the body, and fastened with a silk handkerchief. Nothing has been touched since the remains were lifted out of the water; the colours in the carpet are distinguishable, and the string of silk round it is evidently a large neck handkerchief. There can be very little doubt that the body was thrown into the water after death."

The remains are not in a condition to be identified, I conclude."

"No. Time and the river have done their work of destruction only too well. There may be only means of identification, rings and trinkets of some kind. The remains have not been touched more than was absolutely necessary in carrying them from the river to the dead-house, where they are waiting for the medical examination."

"And you are in a position to affirm that this is the body of Mrs. Belfield?"

"I am in a position to affirm as much, and I hope to be able to prove by circumstantial evidence that her husband murdered her, and threw her dead body into the river between midnight and morning on the 19th of August. But I will not trouble you with any further details. The inquest, which

"I want to be your servant, as I told you last night."

Mr. Belfield, why are you still hanging about here?" cried Madge, in an agonized tone. "This is sheer madness."

"I believe it is next door to madness," answered Valentine following her into the parlour, "but it is madness that only you can cure. There's no use in my going abroad Madge, without you. I should only carry my guilty conscience and my misery with me, go where I might—Africa, Asia, the North Pole—it would be all the same to me. There is no place so strange, no life so wild and full of danger, excitement, occupation, that would make me forget, so long as I were alone. You have the power to comfort me. You have the power to lay the ghost that haunts me. You alone can tell me that I have repented and have expiated my sin. You have the faith that moves mountains, and by your faith I may be saved. Leave me to myself and I shall perish inevitably. There is no help, no cure, but through you."

"You are mad," she said. "Yes, it is all madness. I have a good work to do here and I cannot leave it."

"Let me stay here then, and work for you. That is what I have come for; to be your drudge, your slave; to be what Caliban was to Prospero. I am dressed for the part, you see. You will find how handy I can make myself, cleaning windows and scrubbing flag-stones, doing work that you and the sisters cannot do, with all your willingness to toil. And in bad cases, when a patient wants watching at night, I can do my part as a watch-dog. You don't know what I can be under your transforming power. Madge, I have no friend in the world but you."

"You have your mother, a nearer and dearer friend."

"No. To my mother my life has been a lie. She only is my friend who knows my sin and my repentance. Let me stay here, Madge, and when I leave the country, go with me as my guardian-angel and my wife. Test the truth of my repentance, if you will, before you trust me. See how changed a creature I have become. How all that is vilest in my nature has been purged out of it by the horror of my secret sin. Test me to the uttermost as your servant, before you accept me as your husband."

Madge began to waver. He who was pleading to her knew not how urgently her own heart was pleading for him, how fondly she loved him even in his degradation, stained with the shedding of blood.

"I believe it would be for your own safety to leave England instantly," she said. "There is no knowing when danger may arise, but if you are bent upon staying in this house and helping us in our work, I will talk to the sisters and see what can be done. Our fortnightly committee meeting will be held to-morrow afternoon, and most of the sisters will be here. If they consent to your being employed here—as a servant—I have no objection. There is a little room on this floor at the end of the passage, which you might have as a bedroom. It is small and rather dark, but it is dry and well ventilated."

"Give me any den, any cell," said Valentine. "Do you think I care how I am lodged. I want to be near you, Madge. I want to feel the support of your presence. That is all I ask."

"You must not call me Madge here. I am Sister Margaret."

"You shall be Sister Margaret, until you are wife Margaret. And now order me about, let me begin my slavery. Give me any work there is to be done."

"I don't think there is anything you can do to-night, but you shall clean all the windows to-morrow, if you like. Our windows have always been an affliction to me. We have done our best, but women are not good

at you, I would do much to befriend you or to be of use to you, but I have put my hand to the plough, and I shall never take it away."

Valentine got up and began to pace the room, fuming.

"It is madness," he exclaimed; "a woman's craze. Only a woman would ever think of such a thing. Are there not hospitals for sick women?"

"There are hospitals for disease, but there are no hospitals for the weak and ailing, there are very few refuges for fainting sinners. There are plenty of orphanages for the spotless children, but there are few asylums for the girls lost in the dawn of girlhood. Christ loved the innocent children and called them to his knees; but he had inexhaustible pity for the fallen women."

"So be it. You have set the ball rolling. You have begun the work. Others can carry it on."

"I will not leave it to others."

"You can continue your good work in the Antipodes. You will find sin in the new world as well as in the old. There is no colony so recently founded that Satan has not helped to people it. Come, Madge, be reasonable. Three years ago you spurned me because I dared to approach you as a seducer. You did well, and I deserved your contempt. Now I come to you in all honour; I offer you all I have to give—my name, my life, my fortune, such as it is. I am to inherit all my mother's property, and I shall not be a poor man. I come to you with a blemished life, stained with one hour of darkest sin. But I am not altogether vile. I have repented that fatal hour in the long agony of months. I shall repent it all my life. Only you can make that life tolerable; only you can heal my wounds. Be my wife, Madge; take me with all my sins."

She held out her hand to him as he stopped in his pacing to and fro, and they remained for some moments silent, with clasped hands, he looking down at her, his eyes kindling as he looked; she was very pale and her lips slightly tremulous.

"You love me, Madge," he said breathlessly; "you can forget all for my sake."

"I am very sorry for you," she answered softly, "but I have done with individual love. I have given my heart and life to my sorrowing sisters."

"It is a craze, Madge; I say again it is a craze."

"You have not seen the good done—you have not seen the altered faces. There are women now in happy honest homes whom we have picked up out of the gutter. If you were to see one young wife I know of, with her husband and her baby, you would not believe there had ever been a stain on her life. He took her, knowing what her past had been, and he has cherished her as a pearl of price. These are rare cases; but they are bright spots which cheer us and help us onward through many a dark night."

"Well, you are resolute, I suppose. You will go on helping strangers, and you will abandon me to my fate."

"I do not abandon you. I will do anything in my power to help you, short of sacrificing duty for your sake. I think you are very unwise to loiter here when you ought to be getting far away from England, losing your identity in a strange world. Your wife's relations will not be satisfied for ever without certain knowledge of her fate. An investigation may be set on foot at any moment, and the truth may be brought to light. You should be out of the way before that can happen."

"I tell you I do not value my life unless you will share it. I would rather stay here and clear windows, than riot in luxury at the Antipodes."

Madge answered nothing. She felt the hopelessness of the situation. He had

and I hope to be able to prove by circumstantial evidence that her husband murdered her, and threw her dead body into the river between midnight and morning on the 19th of August. But I will not trouble you with any further details. The inquest, which you are to hold to-morrow, will, I hope, be adjourned so as to give time for investigation. AM I have done hitherto has been done in the dark. Many more details will doubtless come to light when the fact of the murder has been made public."

"Poor Lady Belfield," sighed the Coroner. "Do you know that I had the honour of attending the family at the Abbey for thirty years. I remember the present Lady Belfield when her husband brought her home as a bride. She was a lovely woman then. She is a lovely woman now, lovely in mind as well as in person. This business will break her heart."

"I fear it will go hard with her."

"She adores her younger son. I have seen her agony when he has been laid up with some childish ailment. All her world was in that sick bed. And to see him accused of murder! Mr. Markham, if you are deluded, if you have not ample justification for the course you are taking, you will be much to blame."

"My justification will be shown at the inquest. There must be an inquest."

"Yes, that is inevitable. I wish, with all my heart, Mr. Markham, you had never had that river dragged."

"Then you would have had an undetected murderer in your midst."

"Better that perhaps, than that a good woman's heart should be broken."

It was a quality of Lady Belfield's character to evoke strong sympathy from all who were brought in familiar contact with her.

Mr. Melnotte had a fly waiting for him at the Coroner's door, and drove straight to the nearest magistrate, from whom, after an interview of some length, he obtained a warrant for the arrest of Valentine Belfield on a suspicion of murder. With the county magistrate, as with the coroner, Melnotte found that sympathy with Lady Belfield was stronger than the abstract love of justice. He only just succeeded in getting the warrant signed in time for him to catch the next train for Exeter.

He was at Paddington at dusk, and went at once to the Great Western Hotel, where he enquired for Mr. Belfield.

Nothing had been seen of that gentleman except his luggage. That had been brought by a Great Western porter two evenings before, with an intimation that Mr. Belfield was coming on to the hotel soon after; but nothing more had been heard of him. Three large portmanteaux, a gun case, a roll of rugs and coats, and a hat-box, marked V. B., were stacked in the hall, pending the arrival of the owner.

"Does Mr. Belfield usually stay here when he comes to town?" asked the detective.

"Yes, for a night or two at a time. He is one of our old customers," replied the manager.

Mr. Melnotte was at fault. That Valentine Belfield should have brought all that luggage to London and then left England without it, seemed unlikely. No purpose could have been served by bringing the luggage unless for his use. To bring it to London and abandon it at an hotel, could in no manner assist him in his flight, or tend to the mystification of his pursuers. The only explanation seemed that he had left his property at the hotel while he remained in a state of uncertainty as to his future course. He might be knocking about London, hesitating as to whether he should bend his steps.

That he was in hiding anywhere was unlikely, since he could as yet have no more cause for fear than he had had at any time since the commission of his crime. Assuming

with himself thus, Mr. Melnotte supposed that he would have very little difficulty in putting his hand upon the missing man. He went straight from the Great Western to Scotland Yard, secured an assistant official, engaged a hansom by the hour, and started upon his quest.

"London is a big place, Redway," he said, "but the big London is only an aggregate of little Londons. Each man has his own peculiar metropolis, which is generally no bigger than a moderate-sized country town. Now I take it that Mr. Belfield's London is bounded on the West by Tattersall's, and on the East by the Criterion, on the South by Pall Mall, and by Oxford-street on the North. If we don't find him within those limits we must look for him at Liverpool, Southampton, or Plymouth."

This was on the way to the Badminton, where Mr. Melnotte alighted and interviewed the porter. Mr. Belfield has not been seen there for six months.

"Not since Lord St. Austell's 'oss Postcard, lost the Great Ebor," said the porter, who dated most events by the Racing Calendar.

From the Badminton, Melnotte drove to the Argus, hard by.

Here again Mr. Belfield had not been seen for months.

Melnotte drove westward, and contrived to see one of the men at Tattersall's, though the yard was shut.

No tidings of Mr. Belfield.

"That'll do for to-night, Redway," said Melnotte, considerable disconcerted. I'll drive you back to the Yard, and then I'll go and dine and turn in for the night. If Mr. Belfield had been knocking about town in an open, easy-going manner, I believe I should have heard of him at one of those places. So I am disposed to think he has taken the alarm and is trying to get out of the country, I hardly think he can have got clear off yet, but I shall set the wires at work again before I eat my chop.

Mr. Melnotte did set the wires at work to a considerable extent, just before the closing of the chief telegraph office. He telegraphed to all the ports from which a man seeking to escape from justice was likely to attempt a start, and took measures to secure attention for the fugitive.

He was up and about by times next morning, saw Mr. Belfield's tailor, took a stroll and an early cigar in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner, hung about Tattersall's for an hour, looked in at a famous spurrier's in Piccadilly and a fashionable maker of hunting boots in Bond-street, and before eleven o'clock had satisfied himself that Mr. Belfield had not been seen at the West End of London since the previous summer.

The question to be solved was what had become of Mr. Belfield after he arrived at Paddington.

In such a town as Chadford, the finding of a body in the Abbey river and the notice of an impending inquest at the Ring of Bells tavern in Little George-street, were not likely to remain unknown to the inhabitants. Before Mr. Melnotte had gone far upon his journey to London, everybody in Chadford knew that a body was lying in the dead-house, and that an inquest was to be held upon the following afternoon.

Melnotte had imposed silence upon the men who dragged the river, and yet it was known somehow that there were appearances about the body that pointed to foul play rather than accidental drowning, while there were those who declared that the murdered corpse was that of the missing Mrs. Belfield.

Mr. Rockstone was one of the first to hear of the event which everybody in Chadford was talking about. He came out of the house of a sick parishioner, where all was

is of your mother I have been thinking, Adrian, since I heard of this discovery. How will it affect her?"

"How can it affect her? I cannot see—" Adrian began helplessly.

"If it is found that there has been foul play."

"Why foul play? Should this body be identified as that of Mrs Belfield, the inference will be that she drowned herself."

"The people in Cladford are talking of something more terrible than that. There is a rumour that circumstances point to the idea of murder. Adrian, I must speak plainly," said the Vicar, with undisguised grief. "Suspicion points to your brother as the murderer. It is of your mother I think. What can you or I do to help her to bear the blow?"

"Nothing, I fear. She adores Valentine. If any evil befall him, it will kill her."

"You will do all you can to keep idle rumours from her, and yet to prepare her for anything that may happen to-morrow. Where is your brother?"

"In London, I believe."

"You do not even know his whereabouts?"

"No. He left here with the idea of going abroad—perhaps to Africa, or South America. It was not his own fancy. My mother and I were anxious about his health and spirits, and urged him to travel. He has not written to me since he left."

"That is unlucky. He ought to be here, to face any difficulty that may arise to-morrow."

Adrian was silent. To him, who knew all, the one hope was that his brother might have left the country for ever.

Well, my dear Adrian," said the Vicar quietly, "we must wait and see what to-morrow may bring forth. I think you know that you may count upon me to do anything that lies within the compass of my will or my strength. Would to God I could see my way to being useful to you and your dear mother. I shrink from asking you questions, because I feel I am on delicate ground; but if—if you knew anything that could assure me of the falsehood of these rumours—if, for instance, you had heard of your sister-in-law since her supposed elopement—"

"I have heard nothing of her. It is better that I should answer no questions till to-morrow. I suppose I shall be called at the inquest?"

"I conclude so—if there is sufficient ground for identifying the body with your sister-in-law."

"Then I will keep my own counsel till I am before the Coroner."

Mr. Rockstone left Sir Adrian soon after this, somewhat mystified by his calmness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OVERBOARD IN THE RAPIDS.

Charles A. Percy Goes Through The Niagara Whirlpool.

Charles A. Percy came very near making a failure the other afternoon of his trip from the Maid of the Mist landing to Toronto by way of the whirlpool and the Niagara rapids. Percy got only as far as Lewis-ton, and had an unexpected experience which nearly cost him his life. At 4.15 George Cheshire, H. G. Richardson, and William Lahey shoved the boat out into the river. It contained 800 pounds of ballast, and a 70 pound iron weight was used as a drag. Percy rowed to the centre of the stream, and at 4.20 fastened his oars and crawled into a hammock in the rear compartment of the boat. At 4.26 the craft passed under the cantilever and railway suspension bridges, going very rapidly and turning around in the eddies in a dizzy way. A few seconds later it struck the first great wave of the rapids. A cry of horror went up from the spectators on the lower bank when the craft spun

AS YOU LIKE IT.

HOMELY COUNSEL.

It isn't worth while to fret, dear,
To walk as behind a hearse;
No matter how vexing things may be,
They easily might be worse;
And the time you spend complaining
And groaning about the load,
Would better be given to going on
And pressing along the road.

I've trodden the hill myself, dear;
'Tis the tripping tongue can preach;
But though silence is sometimes golden,
child,
As oft there is grace in speech.
And I see from my higher level,
'Tis less the path than the pace
That wearies the back and dims the eye
And writes the lines on the face.

There are vexing cares enough, dear;
And to spare, when all is told;
And love must mourn its losses,
And the cheek's soft bloom grow old;
But the spell of the craven spirit
Turns blessing into curse,
While the bold heart meets the trouble
That easily might be worse.

So smile at each disaster
That will presently pass away,
And believe a bright to-morrow
Will follow the dark to-day.
There's nothing gained by fretting;
Gather your strength anew,
And step by step go onward, dear,
Let the skies be grey or blue,

Margaret E. Sangster.

WHEN JIM WAS DEAD.

When Jim was dead,
"Hit sarved him right," the nabors sed,
An' 'bused him fer the life he'd led,
An' him a-lying thar at rest
With not a rose upon his breast!
Ah! menny cruel words they sed
When Jim was dead.

"Jes' killed himself," "Too mean ter live,"
They didn't hav' one word ter give
Of comfort as they hovered near
An' gazed on Jim a-lying there!
"Thar ain't no use ter talk," they said,
"He's better dead!"

But suddenly the room grew still,
While God's white sunshine seemed ter fill
The dark place with a gleam of life,
An' o'er the dead she bent—Jim's wife!
An' with her lips close—close to his,
As tho' he knew an' felt the kiss,
She sobbed—a touchin' sight ter see—
"Ah! Jim was always good ter me!"

I tell you when that cum to light
It kinder set the dead man right;
An' round the weepin' woman they
Threw kindly arms of love that day,
And mingled with her own they shed
The tenderest tears—when Jim was dead.

—When you get into a sewing room in a tailoring concern you are apt to find that all the fellers are women.

Philadelphia girl (at the sea shore)—Do you ever find bottles which tell of wrecks? Native—Yes mum, often—empty ones.

A carrier pigeon loft has been established at the United States training station, Newport. The birds are to be used in the naval service.

Mr. Parnell has for years been spending much time and money in seeking for gold on his Avondale estate, with no very promising results yet.

The Prince of Wales intends to join the

Mrs. Belfield.

Mr. Rockstone was one of the first to hear of the event which everybody in Chadford was talking about. He came out of the house of a sick parishioner, where all was quiet and shadow, into the bright winter sunlight, to find a group of townspeople standing in front of the saddler's shop in earnest conversation. From them he heard what had been found in the Abbey river.

His heart turned to lead as he listened. His mind had not been free from anxiety about Valentine's wife. He had been too delicate to question Lady Belfield or her sons, but he had wondered at the prevailing ignorance about the runaway wife's fate. When a woman elopes with a lover, there are generally those who know where she has gone, and who report and criticise her movements; but in this case no one had heard of the fugitive, no one knew where she was hiding her dishonoured existence. And now this finding of the corpse in the river pointed at fearful issues—at the best, suicide; at the worst, murder. He thought of Lady Belfield's agony when the talk of the town should reach her; and it must reach her very soon. In twenty-four hours every fact connected with the disfigured remains yonder must be brought to light, published to the world, discussed and commented upon in a tavern parlour. Friendship and love would be powerless to keep that horror from her, powerless even to blunt the edge of that anguish.

There was a fly crawling down the High-street on its return from the station. The Vicar jumped into it and told the man to drive to the Abbey at his sharpest pace. He wanted to find Sir Adrian before anything was known there. Andrew ushered him into the library, where Adrian was sitting at his desk surrounded with books and papers. He looked ill and careworn, the Vicar thought, but had too calm an air to have heard the evil news.

"My dear Rockstone, this is good of you," exclaimed Adrian, starting up and wheeling a comfortable arm chair towards the hearth, for his friend, and then seating himself opposite him. "It is an age since you have dropped in upon me so early. Tell me all your parish news, and your parish wants, if you have any."

"I cannot talk about the parish to-day. I have come to tell you of something terrible which has come to pass, and which may concern you and yours very nearly."

Adrian's face blanched to a ghastly pallor, and the hand clasping the arm of his chair trembled perceptibly.

"My God!" he gasped, "what is it?"

"A body has been found in the Abbey river—an hour ago."

"How found? Who found it?"

"The river was dragged this morning, I believe, at the instigation of Colonel Deverill's friend, Mr. Melnotte, who dropped his watch out of a boat a day or two ago, and wanted to have it found. A corpse has been found in the deep pool, near the cypress walk, and there is to be an inquest to-morrow."

It was some moments before Adrian spoke, and then he asked quietly—

"Has the body been identified?"

"No, it is past all recognition, except by circumstantial evidence; but there is a rumour in Chadford, how arising I know not, that it is the body of your sister-in-law."

Again Adrian was silent. He would have given worlds to be able to speak freely, to confess all the hideous truth to this one staunch friend; but loyalty to his brother restrained him.

"My sister-in-law's fate is wrapped in darkness," he said, after a very long pause. "I do not understand why anyone should connect her with this drowned corpse."

"The reasons for such a suspicion will come to light at the inquest. I suppose the

going very rapidly and turning around in the eddies in a dizzy way. A few seconds later it struck the first great wave of the rapids. A cry of horror went up from the spectators on the lower bank when the craft spun around the waves and continued submerged. When it came to the surface it floated keel uppermost for quite a distance. After a terrible tossing, which lasted four minutes, the boat was tossed into the big maelstrom and floated easily around. The water was several feet lower than usual, and the boat grazed the rocks dangerously near, threatening every second to dash it to pieces, and end Percy's career.

The craft eddied in the whirlpool until 6.30, and then Dan Elsheimer and William Adams got it in comparatively still water, and towed it around the point into a current that would carry it to the Devil's Rapids. They narrowly escaped going along. Percy's boat grazed rock after rock, and was capsize repeatedly. He had gone but a little distance when the manhole cover was dashed to pieces by coming in contact with a rock, and the air chamber filled with water. Percy crawled out and clung to the craft for dear life. When near the Devil's Hole he became partly exhausted, and could no longer hold on, as the waves throw the boat about. Then he let go of the boat, and swam three miles further down stream, where at 7.30 that night Fisherman John Gillett picked him up more dead than alive. He was rowed rapidly to Waggoner's Hotel at Lewiston, and was with difficulty revived. When able to speak he told the story of his battle for life. In the upper rapids he was terribly tossed about, but the lower ones, he said, were still more terrible. Most of the trip was made in the dark.

"I seemed to be in a grave of foam," said Percy, "and I can't tell how I escaped with my life. It would have been bad enough if my boat had not been wrecked in the breakers, but that swim in the dark was terrible."

Soon afterward Percy said to a correspondent:

"I made this trip for the purpose of advertising my boat. I thought it would carry me through safely. I didn't expect it to show that the rapids were not dangerous, because I knew they were, but I had no notion that they were so bad as they are. The waves just knock you around until they almost pound the breath out of you, and then drop you into a watery well filled with a suffocating spray. I thanked God when I got to fairly clear water and the fisherman reached me when I was hardly able to swim another stroke. The water was low, and its a wonder I didn't get dashed to death on the rocks. I can't tell you the trip in detail, for I was so busy trying to help myself that I couldn't think of much else."

No bones are broken, but Percy's body is badly racked. His boat was lost, and will hardly be recovered.

An important engineering enterprise now in progress is a railroad in the Arctic circle. The Swedish and Norwegian railroad now building from Lulea, on the Gulf of Bothnia, to Lofoden, on the North Sea, is partly situated within the Arctic circle, and is some 1,200 miles further north than any other railroad in Canada. An interesting meteorological fact stated in relation to this work is that the snowfall is found to be actually less than in some more southern latitudes, while the darkness of the long winter nights has been partly compensated by the light of the aurora. The object in view in constructing this line is to tap the enormous deposits of iron ore in the Gellivara Mountains, the approximate exhaustion of the ore in the Bilbao district rendering very desirable a new field of non-phosphoric ore suitable for steel-making.

Mr. Farnell has for years been spending much time and money in seeking for gold on his Avondale estate, with no very promising results yet.

The Prince of Wales intends to join the Oddfellows, and will probably be initiated into one of the Norwich lodges before the end of the year.

The owner of a Saratoga hotel pulled through the season by borrowing \$20,000 from his table waiters. Next year they will probably own the house.

—The head waiter at a certain summer hotel was named Topp, and the guests noticed that if they wished to have tip-top dinner they had to tip Topp.

The young Emperor of China is to be married on the twenty-fourth day of the first moon in 1889, and the event will cost the national treasury \$2,500,000.

A new dinner-table wrinkle is a dish of dark-colored jelly, in the centre of which is an electric light. The effect of its sudden illumination is said to be magnificent.

A Spanish astronomer has ascertained that there is snow on the moon the same as on the earth. It makes one feel better to know the man in the moon is obliged to shovel off his sidewalks the same as any ordinary mortal.

"The immovable boy" is the latest English device to attract notice to a shop. He stands outside the door without moving a muscle, winking or smiling. He is so noticeable by his impassiveness that one naturally inspects everything that he wears.

General Gordon's Fate.

The fate of General Gordon created an unpleasant sensation all over the world, there having been a prevalent impression that the Gladstone Ministry had been very reluctant to send to his relief. It will be interesting to note that a letter in the *St. James' Gazette* shows from the published memoirs of Mr. Forster that "Forster constantly urged the Ministry to fulfil the responsibilities they had incurred in the case of Gordon, and the resolve, tardily taken, to send the relief expedition to Khartoum, was largely due to the persistency with which Forster pressed them on the question." In one of his urgent appeals against further delay he said, "I believe everyone but the Prime Minister is already convinced of Gordon's danger, and I attribute his not being convinced to his wonderful power of persuasion. He can persuade most people of most things, and, above all, he can persuade himself of almost anything. When the expedition under Lord Wolseley at length started no one followed its advance with more anxiety than Mr. Forster, and when the fatal tidings came of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon the blow fell on him 'with all the weight of a great personal affliction.' 'I can think of nothing but Gordon and the Soudan,' he notes in his diary the day after he first heard the sad news."

Nothing Like It.

"Ah, my young friend," said the eminent prohibitionist, "what can be more delicious than clear, cold water in the early morning, fresh from the old oaken bucket? It makes life worth living?"

"Yes," responded the young man, "water is a good thing. Are you in the milk business, sir?"

King Otto of Bavaria is sinking fast, his fits of insanity having become much more frequent.

Descriptive. He—"Who is that pretty girl over there?" She—"Jessie Jones." "And who is she?" "My most intimate enemy."

"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

Moodie shook hands with the old hunter, and assured him that we should always be glad to see him. After this invitation, Brian became a frequent guest. He would sit and listen with delight to Moodie while he described to him elephant-hunting at the Cape; grasping his rifle in a determined manner, and whistling an encouraging air to his dogs. I asked him one evening what made him so fond of hunting.

"'Tis the excitement," he said; "it drowns thought, and I love to be alone. I am sorry for the creatures, too, for they are free and happy; yet I am led by an instinct I cannot restrain to kill them. Sometimes the sight of their dying agonies recalls painful feelings; and then I lay aside the gun, and do not hunt for days. But 'tis fine to be alone with God in the great woods—to watch the sunbeams stealing through the thick branches, the blue sky breaking in upon you in patches, and to know that all is bright and shiny above you, in spite of the gloom that surrounds you."

After a long pause, he continued, with much solemn feeling in his look and tone,

"I lived a life of folly for years, for I was respectably born and educated, and had seen something of the world, perhaps more than was good, before I left home for the woods; and from the teaching I had received from kind relatives and parents I should have known how to have conducted myself better. But, madam, if we associate long with the depraved and ignorant, we learn to become even worse than they. I felt deeply my degradation—felt that I had become the slave to low vice; and in order to emancipate myself from the hateful tyranny of evil passions, I did a very rash and foolish thing. I need not mention the manner in which I transgressed God's holy laws; all the neighbours know it, and must have told you long ago. I could have borne reproof, but they turned my sorrow into indecent jests, and, unable to bear their coarse ridicule, I made companions of my dogs and gun, and went forth into the wilderness. Hunting became a habit. I could no longer live without it, and it supplies the stimulant which I lost when I renounced the cursed whisky bottle."

"I remember the first hunting excursion I took alone in the forest. How sad and gloomy I felt! I thought that there was no creature in the world so miserable as myself. I was tired and hungry, and I sat down upon a fallen tree to rest. All was still as death around me, and I was fast sinking to sleep, when my attention was aroused by a long, wild cry. My dog, for I had not chance then, and he's no hunter, pricked up his ears, but instead of answering with a bark of defiance, he crouched down, trembling, at my feet. "What does this mean?" I cried, and I cocked my rifle and sprang upon the log. The sound came nearer upon the wind. It was like the deep bayings of a pack of hounds in full cry. Presently a noble deer rushed past me, and fast upon his trail—I see them now, like so many black devils—swept by a pack of ten or fifteen large, fierce wolves, with fiery eyes and bristling hair, and paws that seemed hardly to touch the ground in their eager haste. I thought not of danger, for, with their prey in view, I was safe; but I felt every nerve within me tremble for the fate of the poor deer. The wolves gained upon him at every bound. A close thicket intercepted his path, and, rendered desperate, he turned at bay. His nostrils were dilated, and his eyes seemed to send forth long streams of light. It was wonderful to

term frosty, thus connected with the genial season of the year; the term is perfectly correct when applied to the Canadian spring, which, until the middle of May, is the most dismal season in the year—he and John Monaghan took a rope, and the dog, and sallied forth to fetch the cow home. Moodie said that they should be back by six o'clock in the evening, and charged me to have something cooked for supper when they returned, as he doubted not their long walk in the sharp air would give them a good appetite. This was during the time that I was without a servant, and living in old Mrs. —'s shanty.

The day was so bright and clear, and Katie was so full of frolic and play, rolling upon the floor, or toddling from chair to chair, that the day passed on without my feeling remarkably lonely. At length the evening drew nigh, and I began to expect my husband's return, and to think of the supper that I was to prepare for his reception. The red heifer that we had bought of Layton came lowing to the door to be milked; but I did not know how to milk in those days, and, besides this, I was terribly afraid of cattle. Yet, as I knew that milk would be required for the tea, I ran across the meadow to Mrs. Joe, and begged that one of her girls would be so kind as to milk for me. My request was greeted with a rude burst of laughter from the whole set.

"If you can't milk," said Mrs. Joe, "it's high time you should learn. My girls are above being helps."

"I would not ask you but as a great favour; I am afraid of cows."

"Afraid of cows! Lord bless the woman! A farmer's wife and afraid of cows!"

Here followed another laugh at my expense; and, indignant at the refusal of my first and last request, when they had all borrowed so much from me, I shut the inhospitable door, and returned home.

After many ineffectual attempts, I succeeded at last, and bore my half-pail of milk in triumph to the house. Yes! I felt prouder of that milk than many an author of the best thing he ever wrote, whether in verse or prose; and it was doubly sweet when I considered that I had procured it without being under any obligation to my ill-natured neighbours. I had learned a useful lesson of independence, to which in after-years I had often again to refer. I fed little Katie and put her to bed, made the hot cakes for tea, boiled the potatoes, and laid the ham, cut in nice slices, in the pan, ready to cook the moment I saw the men enter the meadow, and arranged the little room with scrupulous care and neatness. A glorious fire was blazing on the hearth, and everything was ready for their supper; and I began to look out anxiously for their arrival.

The night had closed in cold and foggy, and I could no longer distinguish any object at more than a few yards from the door. Bringing in as much wood as I thought would last me for several hours, I closed the door; and for the first time in my life I found myself at night in a house entirely alone. Then I began to ask myself a thousand torturing questions as to the reason of their unusual absence. Had they lost their way in the woods? Could they have fallen in with wolves (one of my early bugbears)? Could any fatal accident have befallen them? I started up, opened the door, held my breath, and listened. The little brook lifted up its voice in loud, hoarse wailing, or mocked, in its babbling to the stones,

head, and drank a deep draught of its icy waters. On returning to the house, I met near the door, old Brian the hunter, with a large fox dangling across his shoulder, and the dogs following at his heels.

"Why! Mrs. Moodie, what is the matter? You are early abroad this morning; and look dreadful ill. Is anything wrong at home? Is the baby or your husband sick?"

"Oh! I cried, bursting into tears, "fear he is killed by the wolves."

The man stared at me, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses, and well he might; but this one idea had taken such strong possession of my mind that I could admit no other. I then told him, as well as I could find words, the cause of my alarm, to which he listened very quietly and patiently.

"Set your heart at rest; your husband is safe. It is a long journey on foot to Mollineux, to one unacquainted with a blazed path in a bush road. They have staid all night at the black man's shanty, and you will see them back at noon."

I shook my head, and continued to weep. "Well, now, in order to satisfy you, I will saddle my mare, and ride over to the nigger's, and bring you word as fast as I can."

I thanked him sincerely for his kindness, and returned, in somewhat better spirits, to the house. At ten o'clock my good messenger returned with the glad tidings that all was well.

The day before, when half the journey had been accomplished, John Monaghan let go the rope by which he led the cow, and she had broken away through the woods, and returned to her old master; and when they again reached his place, night had set in, and they were obliged to wait until the return of day. Moodie laughed heartily at all my fears; but indeed I found them no joke.

Brian's eldest son, a lad of fourteen, was not exactly an idiot, but what, in the old country, is very expressively termed by the poor people a "natural." He could feed and assist himself, had been taught imperfectly to read and write, and could go to and from the town on errands, and carry a message from one farm house to another; but he was a strange, wayward creature, and evidently inherited, in no small degree, his father's malady.

During the summer months he lived entirely in the woods, near his father's dwelling, only returning to obtain food, which was generally left for him in an outhouse. In the winter, driven home by the severity of the weather, he would sit for days together moping in the chimney-corner, without taking the least notice of what was passing around him. Brian never mentioned this boy—who had a strong, active figure, a handsome, but very inexpressive face—without a deep sigh; and I feel certain that half his own dejection was occasioned by the mental aberration of his child.

One day he sent the lad with a note to our house, to know if Moodie would purchase the half of an ox that he was going to kill. There happened to stand in the corner of the room an open wood box, into which several bushels of fine apples had been thrown; and, while Moodie was writing an answer to the note, the eyes of the idiot were fastened, as if by some magnetic influence, upon the apples. Knowing that Brian had a very fine orchard, I did not offer the boy any of the fruit. When the note was finished, I handed it to him. The lad grasped it mechanically, without removing his fixed gaze from the apples.

"Give that to your father, Tom."

The boy answered not—his ears, his eyes, his whole soul, were concentrated in the apples. Ten minutes elapsed, but he stood motionless, like a pointer at a dead set.

cepted his path, and, rendered desperate, he turned at bay. His nostrils were dilated, and his eyes seemed to send forth long streams of light. It was wonderful to witness the courage of the beast. How bravely he repelled the attacks of his deadly enemies, how gallantly he tossed them to the right and left, and spurned them from beneath his hoofs; yet all his struggles were useless, and he was quickly overcome and torn to pieces by his ravenous foes. At that moment he seemed more unfortunate even than myself, for I could not see in what manner he had deserved his fate. All this speed and energy, his courage and fortitude, had been exerted in vain. I had tried to destroy myself; but he, with every effort vigorously made for self-preservation, was doomed to meet the fate he dreaded! Is God just to his creatures?"

With this sentence on his lips, he started abruptly from his seat and left the house.

One day he found me painting some wild flowers, and was greatly interested in watching the progress I made in the group. Late in the afternoon of the following day he brought me a large bunch of splendid spring flowers.

"Draw these," said he; "I have been all the way to the ——— lake plains to find them for you."

Little Katie grasping them one by one, with infantile joy, kissed every blossom.

"These are God's pictures," said the hunter, "and the child, who is all nature, understands them in a minute. Is it not strange that these beautiful things are hid away in the wilderness, where no eyes but the birds of the air, and the wild beasts of the wood, and the insects that live upon them, ever see them? Does God provide, for the pleasure of such creatures, these flowers? Is His benevolence satisfied by the admiration of animals whom we have been taught to consider as having neither thought nor reflection? When I am alone in the forest, these thoughts puzzle me."

Knowing that to argue with Brian was only to call into action the slumbering fires of his fatal malady, I turned the conversation by asking him why he called his favorite dog Chance?

"I found him," he said, "forty miles back in the bush. He was a mere skeleton. At first I took him for a wolf, but the shape of his head undeceived me. I opened my wallet, and called him to me. He came slowly, stopping and wagging his tail at every step, and looking me wistfully in the face. I offered him a bit of dried venison, and he soon became friendly, and followed me home, and has never left me since. I called him Chance, after the manner I happened with him; and I would not part with him for twenty dollars."

Alas, for poor Chance! he had, unknown to his master, contracted a private liking for fresh mutton, and one night he killed no less than eight sheep that belonged to Mr. D——, on the front road; the culprit, who had been long suspected, was caught in the very act, and this mischance cost him his life. Brian was sad and gloomy for many weeks after his favorite's death.

"I would have restored the sheep fourfold," he said, "if he would but have spared the life of my dog."

My recollections of Brian seem more particularly to concentrate in the adventures of one night, when I happened to be left alone, for the first time since my arrival in Canada. I cannot now imagine how I could have been such a fool as to give way for four and twenty hours to such childish fears; but so it was, and I will not disguise my weakness from my indulgent reader.

Moodie had bought a very fine cow of a black man, named Mollineux, for which he was to give twenty-seven dollars. The man lived twelve miles back in the woods; and one frosty spring day—(don't smile at the

my breath, and listened. The little brook lifted up its voice in loud, hoarse wailing, or mocked, in its babbling to the stones, the sound of human voices. As it became later, my fears increased in proportion. I grew too superstitious and nervous to keep the door open. I not only closed it, but dragged a heavy box in front, for bolt there was none. Several ill-looking men had, during the day, asked their way to Toronto. I felt alarmed lest such rude wayfarers should come to-night and demand a lodging, and find me alone and unprotected. Once I thought of running across to Mrs. Joe, and asking her to let one of the girls stay with me until Moodie returned; but the way in which I had been repulsed in the evening prevented me from making a second appeal to their charity.

Hour after hour wore away, and the crowing of the cocks proclaimed midnight, and yet they came not. I had burnt out all my wood, and I dared not open the door to fetch in more. The candle was expiring in the socket, and I had not courage to go up into the loft and procure another before it went finally out. Cold, heart-weary, and faint, I sat and cried. Every now and then the furious barking of the dogs at the neighbouring farms, and the loud cackling of the geese upon our own, made me hope that they were coming; and then I listened till the beating of my own heart excluded all other sounds. Oh, that unwearyed brook! how it sobbed and moaned like a fretful child;—what unreal terrors and fanciful illusions my too active mind conjured up, whilst listening to its mysterious tones!

Just as the moon rose, the howling of a pack of wolves, from the great swamp in our rear, filled the whole air. Their yells were answered by the barking of all the dogs in the vicinity, and the geese, unwilling to be behind hand in the general confusion, set up the most discordant screams. I had often heard, and even been amused, during the winter, particularly on thaw nights, with hearing the howls of these formidable wild beasts, but I had never before heard them alone, and when one dear to me was abroad amid their haunts. They were directly in the track that Moodie and Monaghan must have taken; and I now made no doubt that they had been attacked and killed on their return through the woods with the cow, and I wept and sobbed until the old grey dawn peered in upon me through the small dim window. I have passed many a long cheerless night, when my dear husband was away from me during the rebellion, and I was left in my forest home with five little children, and only an old Irish woman to draw and cut wood for my fire, and attend to the wants of the family, but that was the saddest and longest night I ever remember.

Just as the day broke my friends the wolves set up a parting benediction, so loud, and wild, and near to the house, that I was afraid lest they should break through the frail window, or come down the low, wide chimney, and rob me of my child. But their detestable howls died away in the distance, and the bright sun rose up and dispersed the wild horrors of the night, and I looked once more timidly around me. The sight of the table spread, and the uneaten supper, renewed my grief, for I could not divert myself of the idea that Moodie was dead. I opened the door, and stepped fourth into the pure air of the early day. A solemn and beautiful repose still hung like a veil over the face of Nature. The mists of night still rested upon the majestic woods, and not a sound but the flowing of the waters went up in the vast stillness. The earth had not yet raised her matin hymn to the throne of the Creator. Sad at heart, and weary and worn in spirit, I went down to the spring and washed my face and

his whole soul, were concentrated in the apples. Ten minutes elapsed, but he stood motionless, like a pointer at a dead set.

"My good boy, you can go."

He did not stir.

"Is there anything you want?"

"I want," said the lad, without moving his eyes from the objects of his intense desire, and speaking in a slow, pointed manner, which ought to have been heard to be fully appreciated, "I want apples!"

"On, if that's all, take all you like."

The permission once obtained, the boy flung himself upon the box with the rapacity of a hawk upon its prey, after being long poised in the air to fix its certain aim; thrusting his hands to the right and left, in order to secure the finest specimens of the coveted fruit, scarcely allowing himself time to breathe until he had filled his old straw hat and all his pockets with apples. To help laughing was impossible; while this new 'lom o' Bedlam darted from the house, and scampered across the field for dear life, as if afraid that we should pursue him to rob him of his prize.

It was during this winter that our friend Brian was left a fortune of three hundred pounds per annum; but it was necessary for him to return to his native country, in order to take possession of the property. This he positively refused to do; and when we remonstrated with him on the apparent imbecility of this resolution, he declared that he would not risk his life, in crossing the Atlantic twice, for twenty times that sum. What strange inconsistency was this, in a being who had three times attempted to take away that which he dreaded so much to lose accidentally!

I was much amused with an account which he gave me, in his quaint way, of an excursion he went upon with a botanist, to collect specimens of the plants and flowers of Upper Canada.

"It was a fine spring day, some ten years ago, and I was yoking my oxen to drag in some oats I had just sown, when a little, fat, punchy man, with a broad, red, good-natured face, and carrying a small black leathern wallet across his shoulder, called to me over the fence, and asked me if my name was Brian B——? I said 'Yes; what of that?'"

"Only you are the man I want to see. They tell me that you are better acquainted with the woods than any person in these parts; and I will pay you anything in reason if you will be my guide for a few days."

"Where do you want to go?" said I.

"Nowhere particular," says he. "I want to go here and there, in all directions, to collect plants and flowers."

"That is still-hunting with a vengeance," thought I. "To-day I must drag in my oats. If to-morrow will suit, we will be off."

"And your charge?" said he. "I like to be certain of that."

"A dollar a day. My time and labour upon my farm, at this busy season, is worth more than that."

"True," said he. "Well, I'll give you what you ask. At what time will you be ready to start?"

"By daybreak, if you wish it."

"Away he went; and by daylight next morning he was at my door, mounted upon a stout French pony. 'What are you going to do with that beast?' said I. 'Horses are of no use on the road that you and I are to travel. You had better leave him in my stable.'

"I want him to carry my traps," said he; it may be some days that we shall be absent."

"I assured him that he must be his own beast of burthen, and carry his axe, and blanket, and wallet of food upon his own, str-

back. The little body did not much relish this arrangement; but as there was no help for it, he very good-naturedly complied. Off we set, and soon climbed the steep at the back of your farm, and got upon—ake plains. The woods were flush with flowers, and the little man grew into such an ecstasy, that at every fresh specimen he uttered a yell of joy, out a caper in the air, and flung himself down upon them, as if he was drunk with delight. 'Oh, what treasures! what treasures!' he cried. 'I shall make my fortune!'

"It is seldom I laugh," quoth Brian, "but I could not help laughing at this odd little man; for it was not the beautiful blossoms, such as you delight to paint, that drew forth these exclamations, but the queer little plants which he had rummaged for at the roots of old trees, among the moss and long grass. He sat upon a decayed trunk, which lay in our path, I do believe for a long hour, making an oration over some greyish things, spotted with red, that grew upon it, which looked more like mould than plants, declaring himself repaid for all the trouble and expense he had been at, if it were only to obtain a sight of them. I gathered him a beautiful blossom of the lady's slipper; but he pushed it back when I presented it to him, saying, 'Yes, yes, 'tis very fine. I have seen that often before; but these lichens are splendid.'

"The man had so little taste, that I thought him a fool, and so I left him to talk to his dear plants, while I shot partridges for our supper. We spent six days in the woods, and the little man filled his tin case with all sorts of rubbish, as if he wilfully shut his eyes to the beautiful flowers, and chose only to admire ugly, insignificant plants that everybody else passes by without noticing, and which, often as I had been in the woods, I never had observed before. I never pursued a deer with such earnestness as he continued his hunt for what he called 'specimens.'

"When we came to the Cold Creek, which is pretty deep in places, he was in such a hurry to get at some plants that grew under the water, that in reaching after them he lost his balance, and fell head over heels into the stream. He got a thorough ducking, and was in a terrible fright; but he held on to the flowers, which had caused the trouble, and thanked his stars that he had saved them, as well as his life. Well, he was an innocent man," continued Brian; "a very little made him happy, and at night he would sing and amuse himself like a child. He gave me ten dollars for my trouble, and I never saw him again; but I often think of him, when hunting in the woods that we wandered through together, and I pluck the wee plants that he used to admire, and wonder why he preferred them to the fine flowers."

When our resolution was formed to sell our farm, and take up our grant of land in the backwoods, no one was so earnest in trying to persuade us to give up this ruinous scheme as our friend Brian B——, who became quite eloquent in his description of the trials and sorrows that awaited us. During the last week of our stay in the township of H——, he visited us every evening, and never bade us good-night without a tear moistening his cheek. We parted with the hunter as with an old friend; and we never met again. His fate was a sad one. After we left that part of the country, he fell into a moping melancholy, which ended in self-destruction. But a kinder or warmer-hearted man, while he enjoyed the light of reason, has seldom crossed our path.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LATE CABLE NEWS.

Emperor William in Austria—Boulanger Looms up Again—The White-chapel Murders.

As a result of William's visit royalty in Austria has been having times so tremendously big as to keep Europe breathless with amazement. The young Emperor's arrival at the Vienna station was enough by itself to turn the young man's head. There were endless bands, of which one alone numbered 130 members, all playing complimentary tunes. The Austrian Emperor was on the platform, grand as possible, backed up by all the men of the Royal family, including ten Archdukes, who are great guns in that country, besides a host of important folk of lesser calibre. The necessity, prescribed by imperial court etiquette, of kissing six times the Austrian Emperor, may have dampened young William's joy, but after that it was perfect.

The Boulanger boom is just now more interesting than ever and one well worth watching. All France is alarmed by Boulanger's quiet business way since his return, and men now in power make their uneasiness very plain. On his return Boulanger found 6,000 letters waiting for him, of which 2,000 were marked "confidential and important." He also found himself a much more popular man even than when he so mysteriously disappeared from public view. The Paris mob is hungering to see him. He has arranged his days in a most business-like fashion, keeps his own counsel, and there is nothing for the rest of the world to do but to watch and see how this most important political cat will jump when jumping time comes. For one thing we are informed he intends to be very quiet and unostentatious. No more driving to the Chamber of Deputies in an open landau through howling crowds, but in a closed carriage, with one horse; no fuss and as few speeches as possible. That's his scheme and if true this proves that the lucky adventurer feels very sure of his position and of the fickle Paris mob.

England is more than ever occupied with the Whitechapel murder scare, to the exclusion of everything else. Suggestions made have been endless, and the nonsense poured out on the subject has been unusually amusing. The papers print columns upon columns of letters from excited British matrons and citizens, each of whom wants something else done than is being done to catch the mysterious murderer. Each day sees fresh complaint made against the police. Any number of men want bloodhounds to be scattered all over the place to hunt for the murderer, as though a bloodhound could tell a murderer's scent from a parson's. One man, very much excited, insists that an intelligent bloodhound shall be kept in every police station, and that every policeman be instructed, when next he comes across a mutilated corpse on his beat, to whistle for a bloodhound at the same time he whistles for other constables, and then all shall follow along in a row behind the bloodhound's tail until they reach the criminal. A rather sensible suggestion is that all the police should be shod at night time with rubber, in order that the regular monotonous footfalls of the regulation police boot may not warn the murderer of approaching danger.

THE LAST BIBLICAL

PUZZLE.

The Hittites, Who They Lived and What Ha-

Where, Where They Been Discovered Them.

There was published recently a brief notice of a despatch from United States Consul Bissinger at Jerusalem, announcing the discovery of a Hittite remains, consisting of black blocks, in situ, covered with figures of men and animals. This announcement has attracted considerable attention among Oriental scholars and archaeologists, and led to a renewal of inquiry in regard to the Hittites and the meaning of these latest discoveries. The stones at Merash undoubtedly are a part of the lower story of a Hittite palace or temple, these edifices being generally built of sculptured stones in their lower stories and of cedar above.

It is an interesting fact that while the Hittites were one of the most powerful nations of ancient times, their empire extending from the frontier of Egypt to the Egean Sea, had great cities and were far advanced in civilization, and while they are frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, almost nothing has been known about them until within the last twenty years. It shows how a great nation, skilled in the arts of peace and formidable in war, the period of whose power was greater than that of Greece or Rome, may entirely disappear, the sites of its great cities be forgotten and its very existence almost pass out of the knowledge of mankind.

In 1812 Burckhardt discovered at Hanak some stones covered with Hittite hieroglyphics, but more than a century passed before enough of their remains were accumulated by archaeologists to enable them to form any definite conception of the characteristics of the Hittites as a people or to construct even the barest outline of their history. Since 1870 very great progress has been made in accumulation of knowledge of the Hittites. Numerous discoveries have been made by Burton, Wright, Couder and by American missionaries and scholars, and several books have been published, besides numerous shorter articles in archaeological and religious journals. Dr. Williams Hayes Ward, of the New York Independent, was one of the earliest of Hittite scholars.

The Hittites were of Caucasian origin, coming from the North nearly 4000 years before Christ. In one respect they retained a peculiarity of the costume of their ancestors during the 3000 years of their dwelling in more Southern climes. They are represented as wearing shoes the toes of which were turned up in an exaggerated way, the survival of the snowshoe in their ancestral mountains. They were a hairless people, with long, thin mustaches, like those of the Chinese, light complexion, the head partly shaven, leaving a clear and unmistakable pig-tail. The eyes seem to have had a slight inclination, and the facial angle was oblique. A high, peaked cap was the most common style of Hittite head-dress, although square or round head-dresses are represented on some Hittite monuments, but are not as characteristic.

The Hittites were literary people and possessed a culture, an art and a script peculiar to themselves and plainly of indigenous origin. They were well advanced in the arts and had silver. Their bargain with the patriarch Abraham at Hebron was the earliest money transaction on record. They used silver as a standard of value, had balances for weighing it, and regular forms of sale and conveyancing. They gave standard weights to neighboring nations which remained in use long after the break-up of the Hittite empire.

enjoyed the light of the sun, which crossed our path.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Warm Weather in Australia.

The most remarkable feature of the Australian climate is the hot wind. The flat, sandy interior of the continent resembles the deserts of North Africa and Arabia, and the winds, therefore, are very similar. Immense quantities of sand are drifted about by the wind and carried beyond the coast a considerable distance out to sea. On Jan. 21, 1845, Capt. Sturt's thermometer rose to 171° in the shade; the mean temperature for December was 101°, for January 104°, and for February 101°. So parched was the ground that there were great cracks in it from 8 to 10 feet deep. At Cooper's Creek on Nov. 11, 1845, he experienced one of these hot-air currents, and thus describes it: "The wind, which had been blowing all morning from north-east, increased to a gale, and I shall never forget its withering effects. I sought shelter behind a large gum tree, but the blasts of heat were so terrific that I wondered the very grass did not take fire; everything, both animate and inanimate, gave way before it; the horses stood with their backs to the wind and their noses to the ground, the birds were mute, and the leaves of the trees fell like a shower round us. At noon I took out my thermometer, graduated to 127°, and put it in the fork of a tree, and an hour afterwards, when I went to examine it, the tube was full of mercury and the bulb had burst; about sunset the wind shifted to west, and a thundercloud passed over us, but only a few drops of rain fell." The bursting of the instrument shows that the temperature was much higher than 127°, the glass being unable to assist the expansion of the mercury. Vegetation suffers greatly from the parching character of this wind. Plants droop, leaves shrivel as if frost-bitten, and wheat crops have been destroyed. Its intense dryness is shown by the relative humidity falling to zero, and evaporation amounting to an inch of water a day. High up in the mountains to the east and south-east, in the midst of a frosty morning, occasional hot blasts are felt from the interior, and they cause a peculiar irritation of the nostrils and throat. Although disagreeable as heated air and fatal to vegetation, this dry wind, like that of India, is healthy. The dry climate is practically free from miasmatic diseases.

Digging Potatoes as The Raced.

An interesting race was witnessed at South Auburn, N.Y., the other day. The race was between two men to see who could dig a row each of potatoes the quickest. There was money up on the result of the race. The contestants were ex-Mayor Haskell of Auburn and J. D. Johnson of Portland. Neither of the men had any knowledge of the art. Each was equipped with a common hoe. Both men went in to win, and it is said that the potatoes and dirt flew surprisingly. It reminded a man standing near of a dog digging for a woodchuck.

At the close the ex-Mayor came out twenty-seven hills ahead of his competitor. It was no fault of his, though, but due to luck. Directly in the path of his row about midway of the stint was a monster stump. Here he went ahead the length of twenty potato hills. A bit further on he came to a place where seven hills had been removed, and the ex-Mayor went to the front and held it to the finish. It was an exciting race.

In Great Luck.

Jack—Gus, lend me a dollar?
Gus (dabiously)—Well, I've only got a couple of dollars to my name.
Jack—You're lucky. I did think of striking you for two.

order that the regular motion of the regulation police boot may not warn the murderer of approaching danger.

The Trick of the Ravens.

In the narrative of the Arctic voyage of Captain McClure is the following story of the two ravens which became domiciliated on board the "Investigator." The raven, it appears, is the only bird that willingly braves a Polar winter; and in the depth of the season he is seen to flit through the cold and sunless atmosphere like an evil spirit, his sullen croak alone breaking the silence of the death-like scene. No one of the crew attempted to shoot the ravens, and they consequently became very bold, as will be seen by the narrative. Two ravens established themselves as friends of the family in Mercer Bay, living mainly by what little scraps the men might have thrown away after meal-times. The ship's dog, however, looked upon these as his special perquisites, and exhibited considerable energy in maintaining his rights against the ravens, who nevertheless outwitted him in a way which amused every one. Observing that he appeared quite willing to make a mouthful of their own sable persons, they used to throw themselves intentionally in his way just as the mess tins were being cleaned out on the dirt-heap outside the ship. The dog would immediately run at them, and they would fly just a few yards; the dog then made another run, and again they would appear to escape him but by an inch, and so on, until they had tempted and provoked him to the shore, a considerable distance off. Then the ravens would make a direct flight for the ship, and had generally done good execution before the mortified-looking dog detected the imposition that had been practised upon him and rushed back again.

An Interesting Sub ect.

The results of an investigation on a subject of striking interest are submitted by the redoubtable "Bab" in the New York *Sunday Star*, when she writes:—

A man asked me the other day how women find husbands. It was such a puzzling question to me that I constituted myself a committee of one and went around among a lot of married women to see how their husbands proposed to them. There wasn't one who had ever had an absolute romantic avowal of love! There wasn't one whose husband had gotten down on his knees, caught the loved one's hand and besought of her, unless she wished to see him stark and cold with a broken heart, that she would wed him! There wasn't one who had ever known the rapture of being held, with a pistol pointed at her head, while the brave lover pronounced that unless she accepted him, he would kill her and then himself! There wasn't one who had been gained even at the dagger's point, and not a single wife had been drugged and wedded in a semi-conscious state! Dorothy, I confess to a certain amount of disappointment. The nearest I could get as to how the question of marriage had been reached was always that they drifted into it. This is deliciously vague, but it seems to mean that they knew the man, that he had the privilege of holding their hands and criticising their frocks for some time, and that then, when there was no special excitement in Wall street, a Presidential election wasn't going on, nor anything else that was distracting, they suggested that it was about time for them to get married.

"Dearest Stanley, what has happened; Speak to me." "Aw, nevah mind! stwive no moah! Spent months and months inventing the scarf. First time I go out I meet a fellow from the Bowwowry with one just like it. No use. I stwive no moah."

of sale and conveyancing. They gave standard weights to neighboring nations which remained in use long after the break-up of the Hittite empire.

Well advanced in the arts of peace, they were also formidable as warriors. Their troops, both foot and horse, are represented in the Egyptian hieroglyphics as marching in battle array with well-drilled precision. But the chariots were their pride, each of which carried three warriors and were very formidable.

The Hittites were a great people for thousands of years, built great cities, excelled in the arts, fought great wars, and then disappeared, leaving almost no trace. Little by little some knowledge of them is gained from inscriptions and hieroglyphics, but it is hard to comprehend that when their overthrow occurred at such a comparatively modern time they should have been so nearly forgotten.

Parrot Chorus.

The traditional "fish story" has many varieties, to which it seems only fair to add the following, even though the fish in this case was a parrot. Doubtless its narrator, an American artist, designed it to be "taken for what it is worth."

He was very fond of knocking about in out-of-the-way quarters of the world, and once left ship with a party of comrades, in order to explore a Central American wilderness. During the cruise of several months, the entire ship's company had devoted their leisure hours to singing to a parrot. The sailors had also lost no opportunity of teaching the bird all the nautical phrases they knew.

When the artist and his comrades had bidden the bird and the sailors good-by, they plunged into the heart of the tropical forest, and after great exertion in accomplishing twenty-eight miles, they reached their camping-place for the night. Just as the sun was going down, they were startled to hear, in the primeval silence, a familiar voice from the top of a tall palm:

"Avast there! Yo, heave, ho!"

It was the ship's parrot. Before they could quite believe in its presence, the faithful bird fluttered down to a dead stump near by, and, with a shrill cry, summoned the little green parquets of the country. About ten thousand of them circled round the great gray African oracle on the stump, and finally took their places, in good order, on the ground. The explorers looked on in dumb amazement.

When the feathered assemblage became quiet, the ship's parrot broke into the familiar words of "Nancy Lee;" and, to the inextinguishable amusement of the travellers, the surprise of the tropical world, and the delight of the feathered conductor, those ten thousand parquets, with one mighty burst of song, executed "Nancy Lee."

The late terrible accident at Ottawa with the balloon ought to lead to some stringent regulations being made in reference to that somewhat dangerous amusement. Indeed the fact of its being dangerous is one chief part of its attraction and therefore the more need why the whole thing should be placed under the most careful restrictions. A man has no right to put his own life, however worthless it be, into jeopardy in order to give his fellows sport, or to thrill their nervous system with a strong sensation. Of course it may be urged that if the owner of the life is paid for the risk, he can do as he pleases. Not exactly. Things are not come to that pass in Canada yet, though no one can say apparently how soon they may. It is the danger which gives the chief piquancy to the whole thing, and it is on that account also that it should either be put down or very carefully regulated.

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The Napanee Express.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, OCT 19 1888

A Trip Through Manitoba.

By our own correspondent.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, October 3rd, 1888.

My last letter was dated from Portage La Prairie, and now, after spending a week in the western and northern country, I am again writing from the Portage. This town is not what I expected to find it. The people, like the inhabitants of a good many other places, thought that they were going to have a second Chicago, and the town was laid out on that expectation. There are about 2,500 people here, and they are scattered along Saskatchewan avenue for a distance of considerably over a mile. The streets are but poor affairs, but the stores compare favorably with those of other western towns. The municipality of Portage La Prairie is virtually bankrupt, as it has had to repudiate a portion of its debt and compromise with the rest of its creditors. This makes taxes high. The Portage has the advantage of having a magnificent country to the north and west, and will undoubtedly grow to be a large town if not a respectable sized city. A new hotel has just been opened, the Grand Pacific, at which good accommodation can be obtained at reasonable rates; everything clean and nice and good meals. A week ago while here, rain was falling in torrents, so I postponed my drive into the country and went to Brandon by the C. P. R. The country is somewhat broken along the line of the railway between these points, but at Burnside, and especially at Carberry station, I saw some magnificent fields of wheat. At Carberry station a man by the name of Lyons has a field of wheat of 400 acres. I am told that it will average thirty bushels to the acre, and believe that is about right. It is a magnificent sample, and the sight of 400 acres of choice wheat is enough to make the heart of an Ontario farmer bound with delight.

At Brandon I was met by Rev J. P. Wilson and driven to the parsonage in his phaeton, where I had a royal welcome. Found Mr Wilson and his family all well and enjoying life. I remained with them five days, and during that time was driven around the city and country and given ample opportunity to see the sights. Mr Wilson drove me out of Brandon about two miles to see Frank Reid's farm. It consists of 640 acres of good land with first-rate frame buildings on it, and cost Mr Reid \$10,000 about two years ago. Last year he cropped between 300 and 400 acres, and this year about the same. Last year he had 14,000 bushels of wheat, besides some barley and oats. He keeps a large herd of cattle and sells milk in Brandon. This year Mr. Reid has about 11,000 bushels of wheat for which he is offered \$1 a bushel, and also has a little over 2,500 bushels of barley and oats. He only paid \$500 down when he bought his farm, and in the two years he will have his farm, implements and stock all paid for and money in the bank. A pretty good record for farming in Manitoba! His crop

town, procured a team of horses and an open carriage and drove his brother, Mr Laidman, of Hamilton, Ont., and myself out through the Portage Plains. We drove along the line of the Manitoba and North-western Railway as near as possible and saw sights that I never expected to see. In the first place the roads are perfect, and there is no more jolting than there would be in driving over a level floor. In the next place the farms are all under cultivation, properly fenced and with first-class buildings on them,—and then, to cap all, we drove through miles and miles of wheat. The large sheaves stood on the ground as thickly as I ever saw sheaves in Ontario. On one man's farm the grain was stacked up, and he had twenty-six large stacks. Threshing was going on at Mr Sisson's farm, about four miles northwest of Portage La Prairie, and we drove in to see the machine at work. The thresher was a monstrous affair, driven by a steam engine, the straw being used for fuel. Four teams were drawing to the machine and three more teams taking the grain away. A load of wheat stood at each side of the machine and the men were pitching for all they were worth down to the feeders. The grain was pouring from the machine as thick as a man's leg, and such grain I never saw before. Mr Sisson has a farm of 400 acres, and has a little over half of it to wheat this year. He told me his crop was turning out a little over thirty bushels to the acre and weighed sixty-five pounds to the bushel. What would an Ontario farmer think if he had such a crop as that? Passing on we drove a couple of miles past the station of Macdonald and saw thousands and thousands of acres of just such wheat as I have described. Just near the station we visited the farm of McLean and McRobbie. The grain buyer was there at that time and Mr McRobbie sold him 8,000 bushels of wheat for \$8,000. This is but a portion of their crop. They are farming 900 acres and Mr McRobbie told me that they would clear over \$12,000 this year. They have just sold 400 acres about a mile from the station for \$10,000, and are buying an unbroken half section just near their other farm for which they pay \$20 an acre. The frost has been very slight in this section and I am of the opinion that as the country is settled, there will be little or no trouble with frost. Even with the frost the crops are vastly in excess of anything I ever saw in Ontario. The soil is said to be the best in the world, and is certainly the best that I ever ran across. It works up better than a dry ash heap. During our drive we saw many curious sights. We met a papoose heading for Portage and driving four dogs, each with a bag of grain roped on its back. Another dog helped her look after the four. The grain is gleaned where the threshers have been at work and the squaws and papooses make many a dollar in this way. At one farm at which we stopped, an Indian was at work as a farm hand. His "tepee" or wigwam, was erected in the yard and the farmer's wife asked us to examine it. The squaw was in it and was very indignant at the white folks' intrusion. She turned her back to us, drew her blanket over her head and refused to talk, even to the woman. The tepee is a curious affair. It consists of a lot of poles set up in the shape of a cone a covering of skin stretched around them. A fire was burning in the centre of the tepee and the remains of the dinner were scattered around. It was not such a place as I would like to live in, but the Indians seem perfectly contented. I saw many Indians at work in the fields. They get a dollar and a half per day and make fairly good workmen. We reached home about dusk, having driven about thirty miles through what I believe to be the finest farming country in the world.

For Frost Bites.

There is no better remedy for frost bites, chilblains and similar troubles, than Haggard's Yellow Oil. It also cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, deafness, and lameness and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally.

An Open Letter.

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.

I wish I had used B. B. B. sooner, which would have saved me years of suffering with erysipelas, from which I could get no relief until I tried B. B. B., which soon cleared away the itching, burning rash that had so long distressed me. Mrs. Edward Romkey, Eastern Passage, Halifax, N. S.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price 25c bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

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only paid \$300 down when he bought his farm, and in the two years he will have his farm, implements and stock all paid for and money in the bank. A pretty good record for farming in Manitoba! His crop was slightly frosted, which knocked off at least five bushels to the acre. I visited another farm about two miles south of Brandon, and found that a fine crop of about twenty bushels to the acre had been grown on fifty-six acres. This wheat had also been slightly frosted. The worst section near Brandon, if not the worst in the whole of Manitoba, is about twelve miles northwest of the city in the electoral district of north Brandon. A strip, about three miles in width, extends right through the township and here the frost has not left a kernel. The farmers are completely destitute. On Saturday last they were visited by Arthur Sifton, M. P., with a view of finding out the facts and Mr Sifton told me the above at the tea table that evening just after his return. It is expected that the government will supply seed wheat to these farmers next spring. In driving through the country we took guns with us and had some rare sport. On one occasion we came across a flock of teal just at a ford in the Assinaboine river, and blazed away at them. With one shot each we knocked over five, and Dr. Carman, who helped eat them on Saturday evening, pronounced them "fine birds." We also shot a couple of very large plover, so we had quite a game dinner. The soil in the immediate vicinity of Brandon is rather light and sandy. Some claim that it is better than the richer land, as it ripens the grain earlier, but this year the frost seems to have struck full as heavily there as at the Assiniboine, where the soil is the richest in the West.

dollar and a half per day and make fairly good workmen. We reached home about dusk, having driven about thirty miles through what I believe to be the finest farming country in the world.

Each Plug and Package:

Two First Prizes.

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Received first prize at the County show on their Millinery and first prize on their display of Dry Goods,

We show a First Prize stock of new Goods in all departments.

We cleared out all old Goods in the store during our clearing sale in August, so that everything we show is the newest and best that can be procured, and at prices that defy competition.

We are offering this week a yard wide Grey Cotton at 4c per yard that we sold last week at 5c.

We are offering this week 40 pieces of Silk Plushes, both plain and colored, at 35c, that we sold last week at 40c, and stacks of other goods in proportion. Underclothing for men, women and children, in different qualities, at the lowest prices.

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Hair Dressing Parlor.
OF NAPANEE.

Having bought out the Hair-Dressing Room of Mr. James Miller I am prepared to wait upon customers in my line.

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WOOLEN AND SAW MILL AT FOREST MILLS

I have no interest in any other mill. I am running the Woollen Factory at Forest Mills personally and am now ready to spin, card and manufacture wool in tweeds, flannels and fullcloths

am also buying Wool and will Pay
the Highest Price in Trade or Cash.

I have on hand a stock of fine and coarse tweeds; also fine and coarse flannels to exchange. Roll carding 1 cent per pound; spinning 10 cents per pound.

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Having purchased one of the handsomest Hearses at the Toronto Exhibition, we are prepared to attend funerals on short notice and in a manner equal to the best. We have engaged an undertaker of large experience, and are confident of doing everything in the most satisfactory manner.

Embalming a Specialty.

A call is solicited. Charges moderate. Remember the place. Centre St.

am also Buying Wool and will Pay
the Highest Price in Trade or Cash.

I have on hand a stock of fine and coarse tweeds;
also fine and coarse flannels to exchange. Roll
carding 1 cent per pound; spinning 10 cents
per pound.

WILLIAM BREEZE

Forest Mills, May 8th, 1888

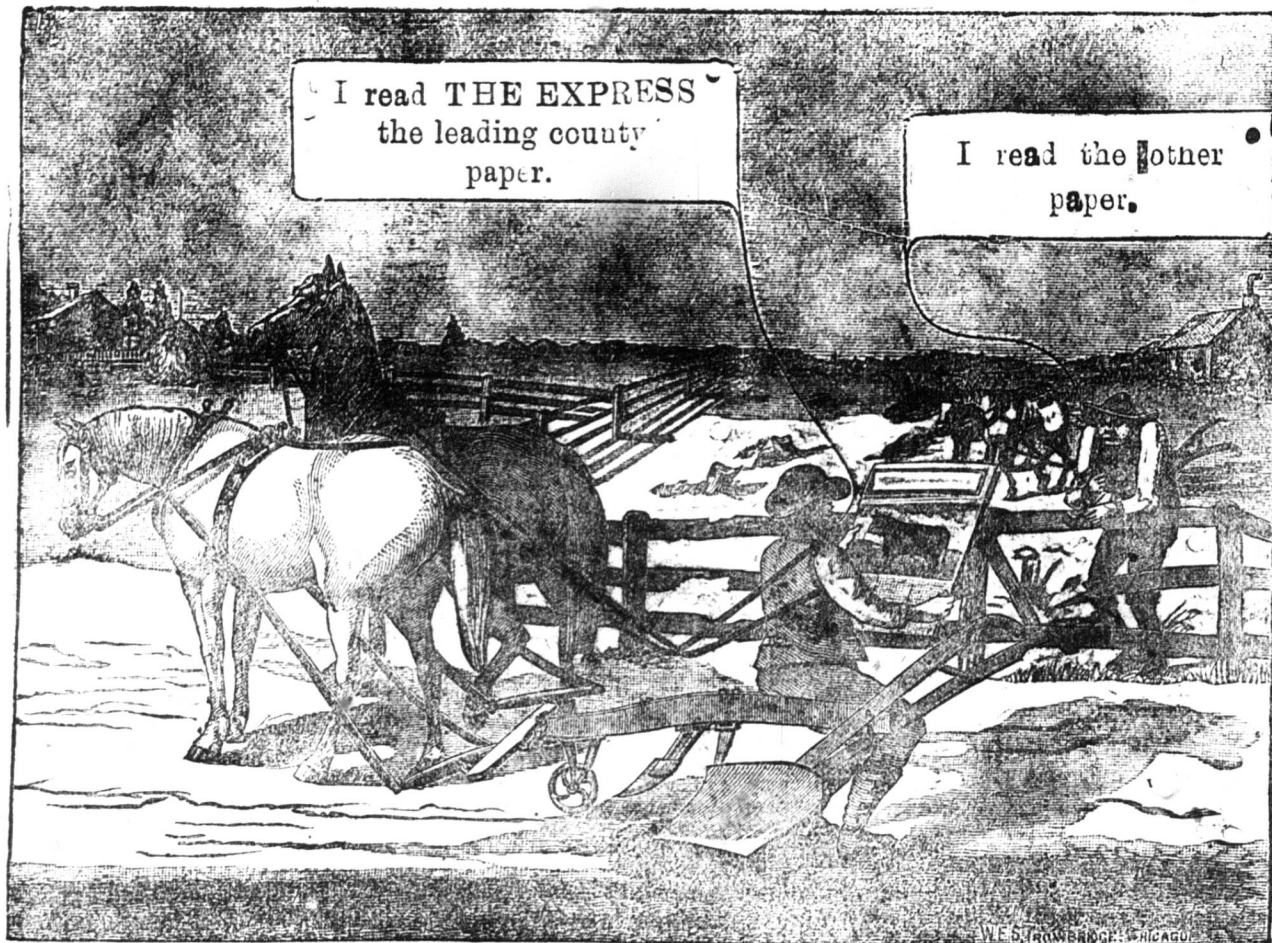
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A call is solicited. Charges moderate. Remember the place, Centre-st.
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“The Express”

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TILL JAN'Y 1st, 1890,

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

GOING WEST		GOING EAST	
Express.....	3.08 A.M.	Express.....	1.23 Midnight
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Express.....	5.08 P.M.	1.23 P.M.
Mixed.....	9.45 " "	Mixed.....	8.39 A.M.
Mixed.....	9.21 A.M.	Mixed.....	9.45 P.M.

MANITOBA

If you intend going to Manitoba or British Columbia, buy through Coupon tickets from J. L. Boyes, over the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk R. R., where you can get your baggage checked through and save all trouble. No other agent can do this.

Ocean tickets sold by the Allan, White Star and Anchor lines.

J. L. BOYES

2238ly Ticket Agent,
G. N. W. Tel. Co. Napanee

Centreville.

The best concert held here for some time took place the night of the Camden Show. There was a good attendance, the proceeds being \$82.

A good program was supplied by Misses Briggs, Blair and Messrs. Maytee, Ferguson and Craig of the Presbyterian Choir, Napanee, and Messrs. Crumley, Cooper, Galloway and Smythe of Kingston. Recitations were given by Miss Vandewater, and Messrs. Ferguson and Crumley. Mr. W. C. Scott acted as chairman.

Westplain.

Mr. James McKitterick intends employing W. D. Waddell to lay out the lawn in front of his house. Mr. W. is an adept at this work.

Our village blacksmith, Mr. J. McCumber, and his cousin, (two young nincoms), went hunting the deer or some other game; with what luck has not been told.

Master W. H. A. Waddell went to Napanee this morning with two of his friends, to leave that town for Roscommon, for a winter campaign in the wild woods of Michigan.

Miss Minnie D. Waddell is enjoying herself at Rochester. She says the Genesee Falls are wonderful and grand. She and Miss Breamer had a look at the whirlpool where her father used to swim when he lived in Rochester, 35 years ago.

Pleasant Valley.

There has been considerable sickness on this street this season.

Mr. Elias Smith is very ill with the fever, and Miss G. Hemily is very poorly.

Mrs. David Ruttan is going to remove from the model farm, and Mrs. Frank Vandebogart removes about 1st November.

We are pleased to be able to state that Mr. and Mrs. Smith have recovered from their sickness so far as to be able to be out and around. Their son Frank is also on the mend.

The young men who have a habit of visiting round and leaving their horses tied outside while they make love inside are asked to remember the young man who recently lost his horse, and take warning—they may have a similar experience.

Enterprise.

Mr. Clancey's new house will soon be finished.

Mr. Jones, of Gull Creek, is seen in this vicinity frequently.

Miss Hannah Peters is dangerously ill at her home with typhoid fever.

One else, and failing other means of furthering their courtship, they had better give up the field.

Thorpe.

I hereby deny ever having said or intimated to any person or persons, either privately or publicly, that I ever saw Mr. Norman Storms or any of his family, either skimming his can of milk or tampering with the milk in any way, such a report having been started with a malicious intent against Mr. Norman Storms; also without any foundation.

Mrs. T. M. CATON.

Thorpe, Ont., Oct 15th, 1888.

Selby.

The services in connection with the Methodist Church held on the 14th and 15th were a complete success. On Sabbath Dr. Williams delivered eloquent and instructive sermons to large congregations; in the evening the church was literally packed.

On Monday evening tea was served in the lecture room and over three hundred assembled to enjoy this festival. The ladies spared no pains to make this part of the entertainment a success and as a result the feast was everything that could be desired. The programme was more than usually interesting, although several speakers who were invited were unable to attend. W. F. Hall, Esq., of Napanee, not being present, Rev. W. H. Cook presided. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Williams and Rev. T. Cleworth. The music was furnished by Miss Cook, Miss Jaynes, Miss Hudges, Mr. Rose, Mr. Jaynes, Mr. Paul, and the choir, and was excellent. The church is said by all to be a great improvement on the old one and the building committee are to be congratulated on the way they have managed affairs.

Malarial fever is quite prevalent in the village, Mr. Warman's family have been very much afflicted with it, but we are glad to hear are improving.

Mrs. R. J. Hazzard, of Bad Axe, Mich. is the guest of her father in law W. E. Hazzard, esq.

Yarker.

M. Dunn has been appointed station master here.

Bible class meetings have been resumed for every Monday night.

Mrs. Adam Wiseman, of Odessa, is at her daughter's Mrs. S. Winter.

A. Vanluvan, Wm. Gordon and A. Connolly left for Tweed, to settle there.

Peter is not at all jealous of the Mills who shot the bear, as he succeeded recently in downing a fine deer.

Wm. Silver, of Carthage, N.Y., is at his brother's here. He had the misfortune to lose his leg, but is improving fast.

Car loads of coal from the Rathbun Co. are moving over the N. T. & Q. for the various villages; coal in Yarker \$6 per ton.

The scholars of Yarker public school sent a handsome floral wreath to be placed upon the coffin of Miss Mary Smith, their school teacher.

Fenwick Connolly is enclosing his property with handsome fences. A fine monument has been erected over the remains of the late J. C. Connolly.

The new roller mill is turning out a good grade of flour, and is crowded with order. G. McDonald is paying the highest price for wheat, so farmers have a good market at home.

Quarry men are at work here getting out stone for the completion of bridges and culverts on the N. T. & Q. railroad. This road will be completed to Tweed next year.

Close's Mills.

On Tuesday evening, 17th inst., about 6 p. m., lightning played havoc on a barn occupied by Geo. Vanalstine, near Close's Mills, in North Fredericksburgh. It tore off nearly all the clapboards on the east end of the large barn; ripped into kindling the second rafter and another about 20ft from the end and slivered up a large beam. The pieces were scattered a long distance east of the barn. Two sons, who were in the stable attending their teams, were stunned and unable to move for a few minutes but recovered. One of the horses dropped as if shot but soon recovered. Two of the family who were milking close by, saw fire roll along the roof and smoke issuing which had filled the building. Fire did not catch as the mow was empty. Damage done to the building about \$60.

ATTAR OF ROSES.

An Account of Its Manufacture—A Precious Essential Oil.

Until the sixteenth century we have no authentic mention of attar. The story of its origin is told in the history of the Mogul empire. The sultana Nourmahal, the light of the harem, during a feast which she gave to the grand mogul Jehanguir, caused a canal to be filled with rose water, where they bathed in its perfumed water and floated about over its surface. After some days a curious substance was observed on the surface. Upon examination it proved to be the essence of the roses, which the heat of the sun had caused to gather on the top of the rose water, and the delicious fragrance induced them to turn this accidental discovery to account. Since that day roses have been cultivated in Persia, in India and in Turkey for the manufacture of the essence.

While in different parts of the east great quantities of roses are grown for their essential oil, the province of Roumelia is perhaps the most important center for the industry. On the lofty plain, bounded on the north by the Balkan mountains, are planted the great rose gardens, where the finest attar in the world is made. Kasanlik, the center of the district, means in the Turkish tongue place of boilers. The roses are planted by the farmers of this district on sloping ground facing the sun, and where the soil is sandy. Laying down a rose garden may be done in the spring or fall, the ground being cleared of weeds. Young rose shoots are torn from the old plants, so as to carry with them a part of the roots. These are laid almost horizontally in trenches five feet apart. In six months or so the shoots appear, and are earthed up, and in almost a year the plants stand like young hedges, about a foot high. It is not till the end of the third year that the blossoming is of any importance. At the end of the fifth the plants are in full bearing, and they continue blooming for fifteen years longer. It does not do to enrich the soil too heavily, as it injures the quality of the essential oil quite as much as it improves the quantity. Hoar frost, fog and dampness are very injurious; in 1870 all the roses in this district were killed.

In May, when the gardens are a sheet of bloom, the harvest begins. The roses are of several kinds, but all single or nearly so—pale pink or white, and very much like our wild roses. Early in the morning the pickers begin, while the dew is on the flowers. The petals are taken from the stalks, and at once put into great copper alembics, capable of holding about 240 pounds of water. Into each of these alembics, with their downward pointing nozzles, are put 180 pounds of water and twenty-five pounds of rose leaves. This is then distilled till the turbid rose water amounts to twenty-five pounds. The boilers are emptied, cleansed, and the process is repeated.

vicinity frequently.

Miss Hannah Peters is dangerously ill at her home with typhoid fever.

Miss Jennie Wager, of Selby, is spending a few weeks with friends here.

We understand that Mr A. Walker is repairing his residence. That's right.

The Misses O'Dea have removed their shop to Mr. Kennedy's house opposite the hotel.

Two weddings last week, and rumor says there is soon to be another. The bells are already ringing.

The hum of industry is heard in the village, and potato digging and corn husking is the general occupation among the farmers.

Napanee Mills.

Miss A. Jenkins, of Napanee, spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday with her sister, Mrs R. Scott.

A couple of weeks ago Mr Armstrong shipped a car load of eggs, and on Tuesday another carload.

Mrs S. Miller has leased the farm recently vacated by Reuben Kerrington, to Mr Sexsmith, of Deseronto.

The population of this place is on the increase. During last week a number of families moved here from Newburgh and other places. Business is lively.

Some of those who were first prostrated with the fever, we are pleased to see able to be out doors again. More fresh cases are reported, and in one instance the infection is said to have been carried on the wings of cupid.

While Mr S. Scouten was assisting in an apple orchard, the other day, the step ladder on which he stood spread, allowing him to come down rather unceremoniously, with a basket of fruit in his arms. Nothing worse happened than a slight shaking up, we are glad to say.

Some wag, with chalk, has christened the spot where the new sidewalk ends abruptly at the corner of the old boarding house, the "lubbers, (not lovers) leap." It may prove a convenient means of exit to those who meet with disappointment in love, and a tragic circumstance or two of the kind would lend to the precipice a tender melancholy interest.

The home-made bread of this place has been pronounced to be excellent. The pie we know is good, and suppose that some susceptible young man will next discover that the cake is exceptional; also young ladies should take great pains in perfecting themselves in the art of cookery; for no matter what personal charms they may possess, these will not always supply the place of such substantial accomplishments. The average man is the fastidious feeder and generally, very soon after the honeymoon, exhibits much more stomach than heart, to the consternation of the tender young wife.

We regret that the good name of the place, on Sunday evening, was compromised by the culpable conduct of four or five of our young men, of whom we certainly expected better things. It seems that a gentleman from Napanee, attending the prayer-meeting, was set upon and rotten egged and Mr. Thos. Budd, the station master, who was in his company at the time, was bespattered with the filthy stuff. We have failed to learn that there existed any justifiable provocation for such ungentlemanly conduct, though it has been hinted that the Napanee young gentleman enjoys the favor of certain of our fairest and most respectable maidens, and that the egg throwing was the result of jealousy. Hitherto we have considered our people above such actions, and trust that the like will never happen again. Young men will find out that such work will not raise them in the good opinion of sensible ladies, or any

Quarry men are at work here getting out stone for the completion of bridges and culverts on the N. T. & Q. railroad. This road will be completed to Tweed next year. Four bridges will have to be built and the finest of limestone is got from J. Brawley's right on the track.

Odessa.

Oct 16.—The concert in aid of the church of England building fund, Friday evening, was very successful. A good programme; a bumper house and about \$40 in the treasury.

Since our last writing three deaths have occurred, and in the trio the fact is brought stubbornly to bear that the old must die, the young may.

Uncle John P. Davy had over-reached the Psalmist's margin, being 84 years, 10 mos and a few days, when the dissolution came. He passed his lengthened visit on the farm of his choice in Quobin, on the banks of a pretty river, was an inoffensive man and thereby held the esteem of his large acquaintance. He was a staunch reformer in his political views, having followed the destinies of that particular one of the two great parties from its earliest inception, and in his time has seen many noble enactments traced on the statutes through their efforts, to the tendency of a fairer Dominion. Whilst thus engaged he made sure of his own more important election with the blessed. The funeral on Wednesday was largely attended. Rev Mr Young preached an able sermon after which the remains of one of our oldest and much respected friends were conveyed to Wilton cemetery.

The latter part of our quotation may die, is patent in the death the same day, of the infant son of Joseph and Mrs McConnell, at about two years of age.

The third bereavement in our locality for the week was the very sudden death of Mrs John McDonald, in her 62nd year, from heart disease. The lady was devoted to her family and church, and among the worshippers attending mass on the 20th of September last, who were so kindly photographed in Father McWilliams' justly celebrated views, stands prominently Mrs McDonald. The remains were deposited in the Catholic vault at Kingston.

Whilst some are called on to mourn, others rejoice. Such is the way of the world. Our hunters have hid themselves hither to the back wood, expecting a most enjoyable outing and plenty of game. May both of the latter be in abundance and Stanley, Jud and others return to us brown as a muffin and hearty as a robust buck.

There appears to be a great deal of courting, maaing ready for Judge Wilkison's coming. John A.,—the clerk—is issuing licenses left handed. Some people, it seems, prefer a court receipt to any other.

We were pleased to see Mr Allan Chadwick, sr., up street again today, the first in about two months.

Mrs (Dr) Mabee has been lately very ill, but is now improving.

Mr and Mrs Fitzsimmons, of Brockville, are spending a pleasant time with their daughter, Mrs (Rev) Quartermaine. Mr Fitzsimmons is postmaster at Brockville.

William and Mrs Lee, of Alexandria Bay, N. Y., are visiting friends here.

Mr George Ferguson and Mr Adam Wiseman have set out a number of shade trees across their property, beautifying the places muchly.

Important to Working Men.

Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful cords, stiff joints and lameness. To all thus troubled we would recommend hayyard's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain cure for outward or internal use.

is then distilled till the turbid rose water amounts to twenty-five pounds. The boilers are emptied, cleansed, and the process is repeated. The turbid fluid is again distilled, and then allowed to remain at rest. On the surface of this double distilled rose water the precious essential oil rises like a greenish or yellowish scum. This is skimmed off by means of a conical spoon, with a small hole in the bottom to allow the water to run away. The appliances are all very rude, and there must necessarily be much waste in a material so precious. According to estimates made at Kasaanlik it takes about 4,000 pounds of roses to make one pound of oil. And from 4,000 to 6,000 pounds of roses are the largest crops raised upon an (English) acre of land. The price for the pure attar is about \$4 per ounce.—Sophie B. Herrick in The Cosmopolitan.

When the Mountains Were Made.

The chief beauty of Mount Desert Island is in its mountains. From a little distance they seem to rise grandly out of the very blue of the sea. The highest, Mount Green, reaches an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet. As you approach the sunshine flooding their rounded peaks gives them a bronzed, metallic appearance. But from a league away their real beauty and grandeur break lovingly upon the vision. Verdure clad in places, again showing massive bulwarks of rock, and from each height sloping in graceful undulations to the sea, a rare and winsome charm, as well as a broad and stalwart majesty, possesses them. Wherever one may be within sight of the splendid masses it is impossible to cease their contemplation. Thus musing on them in the spirit of geologic conjecture and revelry, I half unconsciously asked my skipper if he had any idea of their age.

"A lee-lee up'ard in a hundred year," he answered promptly. I looked at him with amazement, and it nettled him.

"A lee-lee up'ard in a hundred year!" he repeated stolidly, setting his teeth hard upon his tobacco and eyeing me askance, as if with initiatory feelings of resentment at my unaccountable ignorance. "Them ar thirteen mountings ain't thar fur nuthin'. Them ar thirteen self same mountings riz plum' up outen the bay the very day they d'clar'd 'pendence to these Yoonited States! Them as seed it lived right hereabout."

"But, captain," I pleaded, agast at this startling revelation, "you know De Monts and Champlain discovered the island just 284 years ago; named it 'L'Isle des Monts Deserts,' from the dreary appearance of the tops of those very mountains; and Briard and Masse, the French Jesuits, established a mission over there on the western shore of Some's Sound?"

In tones of awful scorn my skipper merely answered: "Did, did they? Wall, I s'pose sech scallops comes from schoolin'. I say no man livin' was in these parts afore my forefathers; an' them that's dead and doubted"—this with contemptuous grief—"seed with their own eyes them thirteen mountings hist up their heads. Howsumdover, there's no argerin with sneerers!"—Edgar L. Wake-man's Letter.

His Preference.

"Of all seasons of the year, Dr. Diagnosis," she said to a young physician who was helping her look at the moon, "which do you most prefer?"

"I think I prefer the watermelon season," he replied in a low business tone of voice.—The Epoch.

On The Platform.

Public speakers and singers are often troubled with sore throat and hoarseness and are liable to severe bronchial attacks which might be prevented and cured by the use of hayyard's Pectoral Balsam—the best throat and lung remedy in use.

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Lahey & McKenty

LARGE LOTS OF NEW GOODS JUST OPENED

AMONG THEM ARE

A big lot of Underclothing at cut prices, the best values yet.

A small lot of Genuine Persian Lamb Caps (samples) will be sold at \$2.50 each.

One case of the latest styles in Gents' Ties, very nobby, 20 and 25 cents.

Extra heavy durable Cardigan Jackets, worth \$1.50 going for \$1.

New arrivals in Grey Cottons, away ahead of old ones for value.

New arrivals in Fancy Woolens Soft and Fleecy, and rare in colorings. Values right.

New Overcoatings for Ordered work. Fine Beavers, Elysians, Worsteds, etc. See them.

New Overcoats, from 24 to 44 inches, chest measure. Superior goods, low prices.

We are making large sales in Ladies' Ulsters and Walking Jackets.

We have the handsomest and most extensive line of these goods in Napanee, direct importations. Our prices defy competition. The right value always at THE POPULAR DRY GOODS HOUSE.

LAHEY & McKENTY.

RENNIE BLOCK.

MISS BARRETT, Dress and Mantle Maker.

C. D. WARIMAN, L. D. S.

Graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, On

OFFICE—LEONARD BLOCK,

Dundas St., Napanee.

To the people in the County of Lennox and Addington whom he has served in the past he returns his sincere thanks for their favors, and solicits a continuance of their patronage.

The new local anæsthetic, Hydrochlorate of Cocaine, used. It quite relieves pain in extracting teeth.

Will be absent from the office the first Monday and Tuesday in each month—these being the days of his visits to Tamworth. Rooms at Wheeler's hotel.

He will also be absent from his office in Napanee Monday and Tuesday of each week. 22861

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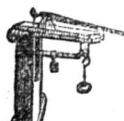
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GRAIN SCALES,

FARM SCALES,

TEA SCALES



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McColl's LARDINE MACHINE OIL.

Try it once and you will use no other. Every barrel guaranteed.

We are sole manufacturers of the Genuine Lardine.

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About 200 Hard Hats.

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Mention this paper every time you write.

BUILDING!

Having bought out the business of E. F. Van-luven & Co. I am prepared to execute all orders for

*Sash, Doors, Blinds, Frames
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Hives & Bee Hive
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On short notice and at reasonable rates.

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E. M. McKim, Jr.

Has a large stock of coffins, caskets, robes, crape gloves and badges, constantly on hand, and all sold at reasonable prices. A first-class hearse furnished.

A full line of cabinetware always on hand, bought from the best makers at close figures and will be sold at lowest rates. Repairing promptly done.

E. M. McKim, Jr.,
Tamworth

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About 200 Hard Hats,

two and three left of each kind, which we are offering
At 75c to \$1 less than the regular price.

All new, fine goods this season, but as we have but one or two sizes left of each kind, we want to clear them out. If you want a good hat at a bargain call.

2288ly **ROBLIN & FORD.**

WOOL. WOOL. WOOL.

NAPANEE WOOLEN MILLS.

We beg to intimate to our patrons and the public generally that our Woolen Mills at Napanee are in first-class order, turning out work second to none in this part of the province.

We keep one sett running on imported wool of the finest quality, and we are prepared to give you goods as fine as made in large mills.

A full line of Tweeds, Fullcloths, Flannels, Sheetings, Blankets, etc. of our own manufacture constantly on hand, which we guarantee as to workmanship and material.

We also keep a full stock of imported goods direct from manufacturers. We call special attention to our yarns. We make the finest quality from imported and Canadian pure wool. All grades and colors.

Mr D BREEZE, one of the firm will be in our office in Shannonyville with a full line of goods. Give him a call and be convinced that he will give you better value for your wool than you can get elsewhere.

We will pay the highest price for wool in trade or cash.
Spinning 10 cents per pound. Roll carding 4 cents per pound

BREEZE BROS., & MCKAY

Napanee,

2688tf

NEW : TEAS

We beg to advise our numerous customers and the public generally that we are now in receipt of our New Tea, this year's crop, comprising Japan, Souchong, Oolong, Congou and finest Assam Pekoe which we have resolved to sell at the smallest living profit in order to enlarge our tea trade which has grown immensely of late, and which in future we intend to make a specialty in our business

To convince those who have heretofore bought tea or peddlers of the extreme folly of paying from 10 to 20 cents more per lb for tea than a better article can be bought for from us, we ask but one trial of our new teas. In these tight times for money a saving of only ten cents per lb on tea means quite a saving in the yearly expenses of a family.

Remember that for the trifling sum of 25 cents per lb we are now selling an extremely fine drawing Japan Tea far surpassing anything in that line heretofore sold at that price. Try it, it will cause you to come for more.

M. W. PRUYN & SON.

Harshaw block, Napanee, Aug. 17 1888

2388ly

HEALTH.

Diagnosis by Position.

There is much in the position assumed by the sick which, when carefully observed, will help to determine the nature of the malady.

A writer on the subject says:

The position on the back, which fat people adopt for convenience, is characteristic of inflammation of the bowels, since those who suffer from this affection are not able to endure the least friction of the abdomen, and it is observed also in diseases of acute and grave character, such as tetanus, articular rheumatism, etc. This is assumed passively when the patient, having lost his strength, occupies the lowest part of the couch, the head falls from the pillow of its own weight, the arm, as indeed the whole organism, obeys the action of gravity, as occurs in infectious diseases and intense inflammatory processes. This position is usually accompanied by disordered movements of the hands, as if the patient would reach up to something suspended before the face. It always indicates a grave condition.

Lying over on the stomach is observed in abdominal diseases accompanied by strong nervous pains, gastralgias, flatulent, nervous and nephritic colics, etc., and sometimes in case of anterior pulmonary cavities. In the former affections the patients find relief by compressing the affected region; and in the latter they hinder by this position the escape of the secretions from the cavities through the corresponding bronchial tubes, consequently calming the cough.

Children who suffer from hydrocephalus have a tendency to place the head lower than the body, and therefore when held in the arms they allow the head to fall.

Lying upon the side, and especially the right, is the most physiological position that the sick can adopt, and it always indicates a satisfactory degree of muscular strength.

In pneumonia children generally rest on the left side, but not so adults, who, if they do not adopt the supine position, lie ordinarily on the sound side. This double position in the same disease may be explained by the fact that in children pneumonias are more diffused and affect nearly the whole of a lung, and therefore they instinctively avoid compression of the sound lung in order to allow it to perform its function with greater freedom; in adults, on the contrary, the disease is ordinarily limited, and there is no inconvenience in adopting a lateral position on the sound side; at the same time they avoid in this way increasing the contagion of the affected part, and thereby diminish the pain and cough.

In painful dry pleuritis the patient keeps the affected part still as much as possible, and at first rests on the sound side, to diminish the congestion of the affected side, by the elevation of which the cough and pain are mitigated; but when fluid begins to accumulate in the chest cavity, later in this disease, the patient will constantly adopt a position on the diseased side so as to avoid compressing the opposite lung, and to allow it to perform its function with entire freedom.

A continual change of position indicates intense excitation of the nervous system, the head of the patient turns continuously from right to left, the trunk is not quiet, and the whole individual is attacked with a general irritability, so that he makes continuous efforts to leave the bed. This phenomenon is usually observed at the acme of acute infectious fevers and brain inflammations. The upright position, characterized by a general distress, the forward inclination of the trunk, the fixation and elevation of the arms, as if to give the thorax a point of support and to bring into exercise the

state of the inner surface, which may be accompanied with some pain. When the eye tires easily, rest is not the proper remedy, but the use of glasses of sufficient power to aid in accommodating the eye to vision.

The Little Girl of Ten.

I met her at the depot in the ticket-buyers' row; She was travelling unattended to the town where I must go, And I saw her buy a ticket for an adult with surprise, When a "half" card would have answered for a maiden of her size.

I heard the agent ask her if she wanted one "full rate." And she said, "I want a ticket" (very curtly did she say it); So I did not at the moment interfere in her affairs, Though I wondered what she meant by such very aged airs.

Then at length I said most kindly to the girl so slightly grown, "Do you travel very often on the railway all alone?" "Not so very often," said she; "but I had a wish today To leave the noisy city and go very far away."

Then I told her of her error, which had prompted to speak (Here a blush of modest crimson ran its course upon her cheek), And to do her simple justice I would go with her and make The agent fix the matter as it should be, for her sake.

To my proffer she assented, and not vainly was it tried, For she got the cheaper ticket, with a dollar at its side, And she thanked me. Then I asked her to go with me to a seat, Which she did not hesitate to do, and went on nimples feet.

But I fancied as we rode along, and passed from place to place, That she had a world of knowledge for so very young a face; That she seemed a trifle older than her modest height would show; Then, with manners quite avuncular, I thought it best to know.

Our talk and trip were ending, but I soon adventured then, "My little girl, you are not, are you, very far from ten?" But she said, with farther blushing—with a twinkle not unseen— "I am doubtless very childlike, but my age is just sixteen."

Then I looked and saw my blunder, but the vexing ways of Fate Left my heart to solve a problem and to wildly palpitate: For I had put my arm around her, and was toying with her hair, And she seemed to think it kindness—or she didn't seem to care.

In a moment, if the answer had not come so pat as this, I should have proffered her directions on arrival with a kiss. But my wisdom always happens much too early or too late. For the girl was very pretty and—confound the course of Fate's!

So I jumped up with my satchel (barely looking as I went) From a task begun in pity, ending sharp in discontent. But she bowed and smiled most sweetly, while I thought how very mean That I could not stoop to kiss her just because she said "sixteen!"

Fashion Notes.

The majority of dress skirts are made either with flat pleats down the front and sides that reach from belt to hem, or with long Greek overdresses that are so lightly draped as to cover nearly the whole of the underskirt front and back.

Too late to be of much use this year, but in time to be adopted extensively next summer, says The New York Sun, the girls have learned the beauty of the flannel shirt idea and many of them have put it into operation. A flannel shirt exactly like those made for the men, boy's size, worn inside of a dress body and belted in at the waist, is very charming and comfortable beyond imagining.

A CANADIAN SNAKE CHARMER.

A St John, New Brunswick, Man Who Makes Pets of Reptiles.

The St. John, N. B., *Progress* says there is nothing about the personal appearance of William McIntosh to indicate that he has more controlling force than any ordinary person. He is a young man, rather light complexioned, quiet of voice and speaks in a deliberate manner that shows his careful good sense.

Mr. McIntosh is a successful snake charmer.

At his father's flower store on Charlotte street he has at present a common black snake, about two feet long, which he treats much the same as anybody else would treat a piece of rope that long, only more affectionately, perhaps. The snake is poisonous and shows his mettle with everybody but Mr. McIntosh, who can coil him round his neck, rub the snake's tongue on his face, and, in fact, handle the reptile in any way and carry him around in his pocket. The snake was found by its present owner while strolling near Lily Lake a few weeks ago. He placed it in his pocket and carried it home, and since that time the snake has been his pet. Mr. McIntosh generally has the snake at the Charlotte street store, and shows it to all his friends and numerous

INQUISITIVE SCHOOLBOYS.

Considerable fun is extracted through the medium of this dangerous reptile. Some intimate friends were in the store the other day, when Mr. McIntosh took the snake out of his coat pocket and rubbed its tongue against his face. Although it is not the tongue that "stings," as most people imagine, yet it is a very disagreeable thing to do. One of his friends nearly fainted and could hardly be prevented from seeking a doctor to undo the deadly work he imagined the snake had done. A young lady was suddenly taken by surprise to see the snake appear out of its owner's pocket, and left the store in a hurry. She has not been back since.

Mr. McIntosh is unable to account for his control over snakes, except from the fact that he never had any fear for a reptile of any kind. He feels that once he gets a snake to look him in the eyes he has complete control of it and it will stay with him.

His first knowledge of this power he received ten years ago. Walking through the woods, one day, he accidentally stepped on a snake. Finding what he had done he stooped down and stroked it gently on the back. Then he picked it up, put it in his pocket and carried it home. Here he met great opposition to his new pet, as nobody had any desire to see a snake.

CRAWLING ROUND THE HOUSE.

He kept it, however. From that time he has always been greatly interested in all kinds of reptiles.

During the centennial exhibition of 1883 everybody will remember that there was a kind of side show to a circus running on the grounds at the rear of the large building. The attractions were a performing goat, a few other things and a collection of snakes. Mr. McIntosh visited this show and being interested in snakes drew the attention of the regular snake charmer, who suggested with a sarcastic grin, that he pick up one of the snakes. Mr. McIntosh picked up one about six feet in length, and wound it about him to the astonishment of the regular charmer and the audience. Before leaving the city for Ontario about three years ago, Mr. McIntosh had seven snakes, many of them of good size. He made them his pets, much the same as a boy would rabbits, or a woman a pug dog, and kept them in his room. The snakes, however, had a habit of crawling out of their box and

line upright position, characterized by a general distress, the forward inclination of the trunk, the fixation and elevation of the arms, as if to give the thorax a point of support and to bring into exercise the auxiliary muscles of respiration, is observed always when an obstacle hinders almost completely the contact of air with the respiratory surfaces, whether this obstacle be in the larynx, the trachea (as foreign bodies, false membranes, cicatrices, or tumors, which act either by stopping up the passages or by compression), or in the bronchia or pulmonary vessels (exudates in capillary bronchitis, pneumonia, tuberculosis, emphysema, or pulmonary compression by exudates and pleuritic transudations, pneumothorax, flatulent dyspepsia, ascites, etc.), in asthma and in cardiac affections, especially in those the right side, which then depend principally on extravasations in the pulmonary veins.

The more obtuse the angle formed by the trunk and the surface of the bed, the more intense is the orthopnea. Consumptives are accustomed to remain seated for many hours, with the object of hindering the escape of liquids from cavities through the corresponding bronchia.

Simple Method for Re-Animation.

At a meeting of the last congress of German scientists this subject was discussed, and Dr. H. Frank mentioned that there are but two ways to stimulate the heart—electricity and mechanical concussion of the heart. The first is considered dangerous by him, as it may easily destroy the last power of contraction remaining in the organ. But what is termed "pectoral concussion" is decidedly preferable. Dr. F.'s method is as follows:

He flexes the hands on the wrist to an obtuse angle, places them both near each other in the ileo-cæcal region, and makes vigorous strokes in the direction of the heart and of the diaphragm. These strokes are repeated from fifteen to twenty times, and are succeeded by a pause, during which he strikes the chest over the heart repeatedly with the palm of his hand. In favorable cases this method is early successful, and sometimes a twitching of the lids or the angles of the mouth appears with surprising rapidity as the first sign of returning life. As soon as these symptoms are noted, the simple manipulations above described must be earnestly continued and persevered in from a half to one hour, for, with their cessation, the phenomena indicating beginning return of life also cease. Generally, the face assumes a slight reddish tint, and at the same time a faint pulsation may be felt in the carotids. By this method Dr. F. has seen life return in fourteen cases, among whom were such as had hung themselves, drowned, and asphyxiated by carbonic oxide, and in one case by croup.

Tired Eyes.

People speak about their eyes being fatigued, meaning that the retina, or nerve portion of the brain that does the seeing is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina rarely tires. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeball, and the muscle of accommodation which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at, this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is to be looked at. It is in these three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested

condition. A hammer shirt exactly like those made for the men, boy's size, worn inside of a dress body and belted in at the waist, is very charming and comfortable beyond imagining.

The duchess is a stately redingote designed for late autumn wear, made of dove-grey soldier's cloth and trimmed with a single row of fine gold and silver passementerie. There is a full drapery of the cloth at the back, gathered closely and applied to the centre forms of the bodice portion. The sleeves are half open, and lined with grey and gold shot surah.

A lady who has given the matter much attention is authority for the declaration that in kissing all men kiss with too much force. A kiss to be appreciated by a girl, she says, must be gentle and not rough, and under no circumstances should have any suggestions of tobacco or John Barleycorn. As the result of comparing notes with many ladies married and engaged, she asserts that the kisses of three-fourths of mankind, husbands, lovers and brothers, are "smoky."

Very long scarfs of black lace in various fine delicate patterns are imported and are to be as fashionable as they were a few years ago. These come in lengths which vary from two and one-half to four yards, and some are nearly a yard in width. They are to be worn either in the picturesque fashion of Spanish women, or fastened closely at the throat with a gold or silver lace-pin or clasp set with gems. The ends of some of the longest reach quite to the edge of the skirt hem.

Large Directoire hats with low crowns and projecting brims are imported both in velvet and felt. These are stylish and picturesque for visiting and carriage wear, but for general uses the toque and the English turban will be highly favoured. The "Aureole" hat is another rather striking model for dressy wear. The crown is wreathed with large, full ostrich plumes; and at the edge of the brim is a band of the same plumage, short and fluffy, which surrounds the face like a halo.

Many of the new basques and bodices are lengthened to cover the hips more deeply. The vest buttoned on each side to the corsage, the plastron, the separate waistcoat, the pleated shoulder-pieces, the demure nun's corsage with soft folds lapping each other over the chest, the surplice front crossing from right to left, the round waist with its charming belt adornings, the pointed corsage with revers of all shapes and kinds, each and all, are among the new or repeated fancies of the season. It is almost impossible to go far astray in the design of the bodice, as the variety of models is now so limitless that any graceful style becoming to the wearer is good form. The broad and showy Directoire revers give the effect of breadth, and are seen alike on the simplest and the richest gowns. The high military collars and the deep turn-over models are equally popular.

There are twenty-five miles of shelves in the British Museum reading room.

Col. L. Fontaine of Canton, Miss., has trained a pair of pet bears so that he drives them double to a buggy. He occasionally appears on the streets with them, scaring the horses half out of their wits, and amusing the small boys greatly. The bears amble along at a pretty fair sort of a pace.

John Kaufman of Brazil, Ind., who died suddenly the other day, had a most curious mania for stealing women's shoes. He never stole anything else. A few years ago he was arrested, and forty or fifty pairs of shoes and slippers were recovered. He was imprisoned for a short time for the offence. After his death over sixty pairs of women's shoes were found in the hut where he lived alone.

his pets, much the same as a boy would rabbits, or a woman a pug dog, and kept them in his room. The snakes, however, had a habit of crawling out of their box and exploring the house, where one of them was found under a mat by the lady of the house. There was a scene, and the snakes were ever after consigned to more appropriate quarters.

Mr. McIntosh intends taking a vacation in the country in a few weeks. If his plans succeed, he will bring back a finer collection of snakes than ever met the appreciative eye of a man in the clutches of delirium tremens.

The Gilbert Islands.

A San Francisco dispatch says that the Germans are taking steps to add the Gilbert archipelago to their other possessions in the Pacific. This group forms a portion of a chain of small islands stretching between the Philippines and the Fijis. Nearest the former lie the Pelews, then come the Carolines; east and north of the latter are the Marshall Islands, subdivided into the Raddack and Rallick; southeast of these are found the Gilbert; finally, south of the Gilbert is the Ellice group, which brings the line toward the Fijis and Samoa. This chain covers a distance of more than 3,000 miles. The dispute between Germany and Spain three years ago as to the ownership of the Carolines caused a more careful defining of the groups. Under the decision of Pope Leo, to whom as arbiter the controversy was referred, the Carolines proper, situated south of the Ladrões, were assigned to Spain, like the Pelews to the west of them. The eastern limit of the Carolines was put at 164°, and dominion beyond that point was conceded to Germany, who promptly took possession of the Marshall Islands, put them under a Commissioner, while a German commercial company on the island of Jaluit took charge of the trade of the group, imposing port fees. It is said that they also put a small tax on the natives, who were accordingly by no means favorably impressed with their new allegiance.

The Pope's decision had at least carefully separated Spanish from German jurisdiction, so that the former extends over an unbroken area, including the Philippines, Pelews, Ladrões, and Carolines; but the extent of German sovereignty did not so distinctly appear. Since then, however, Great Britain and Germany are said to have drawn a line, mutually satisfactory, in this region, so that presumably the formal occupation of the Gilbert Islands accorded with their arrangement. Although the little trading as yet done in that region has fallen more into the hands of Germans than into those of Americans, yet the American Board of Foreign Missions has had its stations established there for more than thirty years. It is stated that of late the religious work in the Marshall and Gilbert groups has been largely or wholly under the charge of the Sandwich Islanders, who can better endure the climate than Americans; but there is a training school for the two groups on the island of Kusaie, in the Eastern Carolines. The Gilbert and the Marshall group were, until the German annexation of the latter, independent, being governed by their own chiefs. These islands are of the usual low coral formation, having few products of importance for export except dried cocoanut, but this attracted German traders to the islands of Jaluit and Sikie, and the former can now boast of a German Consular.

The Gilbert Islands lie directly on the equator, stretching through several hundred miles of north and south latitude. They include scores of small islands, among the most important being Makin, Maraki, Nan-onti, Apamama, Onatoa, and Arorai. On

We grow to-day of 20, young Huds ly col ally North has it lce chara coloni move cross How dan, an att kim. troubl been of the slowly serious have half-h Britai led to very s Cre in thl thrift. debt a find t furnis the ev who t never the inu worki Men ment s into d band ings, b late. lettin voicee great credit chara destit debt. would who a persu which life's Mic of ma of det 102. tute f as it that (two f pearly ed "G the G the w havin who r mark islati been soap. the p that i great gar ir ed lav and o by th stuff. porta creas pract great etc.

recent German maps the indication of German sovereignty has been distinctly confined to the Marshall group, leaving the Gilbert group unclaimed. But the conference held a year or two ago on the subject of the boundaries in this part of the Pacific between England and Germany has presumably governed the recent action of the Germans, who are said to have established themselves on one island of the Gilbert group, and to have visited others as if with intent to occupy them. The Marshall and Gilbert Islands may properly enough be under the same rule. When the Madrid papers announced the decision of the Pope in the Carolines dispute they conceded that both the Marshall and Gilbert groups were to go to Germany. The process of snapping up groups and single islands in the Pacific has been greatly stimulated by the prospective opening of the isthmus route, in which case even possessions which now seem of little value may possibly be turned to some account.

PASSING NOTES.

"Do you enjoy good health?" "Why, yes; to be sure: who doesn't?"

The origin of pools is not known. The Pool of Siloam is probably the first of which history speaks.

At 260 yards the Lepel rifle would go through two men. The French arsenals have enough ammunition to supply each soldier with 2,500 cartridges.

Smallpox and other epidemics are threatening to break out. The more reason why cleanliness should be preached and practised. The scavenger and engineer do more for health than the doctor.

The census of those territories taken in 1885 shows that out of a white population of nearly 50,000 less than 2,000 were foreign born. In Manitoba, with a population of over 100,000, less than twelve per cent. are foreigners and nearly 70 per cent. of the people were born either in Ontario or Manitoba.

Near Edgbaston, England, is a pasture where a horse and a goat grazed. Some rude boys amused themselves by throwing stones at the goat and beating it, and were having a fine time when the horse cantered up, kicked, struck, and bit at the boys, and grabbing one young ruffian by the coat collar yanked him clean over the hedge.

We occasionally hear complaints because of the alleged slow growth of Manitoba and the North-West Territories and we would all be glad to see this newer portion of the Dominion make even more rapid progress than it is now making. There is, however, one fact connected with this to be greater Canada which must be gratifying to all true Canadians and that is that the boundless prairies promise to be peopled by those to whom the title of British and Canadian will be something more than a mere empty name.

Dr. Dastre, a French physiologist, who has been experimenting with animals to determine the nature of seasickness, reports that after they had been subjected to various kinds of motion, corresponding to the rolling and pitching of vessels, he found their intestines strangely displaced. He concludes that a similar disturbance produced seasickness on board ship. Cocaine is said to be an excellent remedy. Another French physician who agrees with Dr. Dastre as to the causes of seasickness, claims to have discovered two infallible remedies, one a mixture of atropine and strychnine, and the other caffeine.

We have no reason to feel ashamed of the growth of our North-West. Winnipeg is to-day a thriving city containing upwards

Oh, Canada!

The haddock's feet are on thy shore,
Canada, my Canada!
The halibut is at the door,
Canada, my Canada!
For smelt and gudgeon, chub and eel,
For codfish, hake, and mackerel,
Arise and meet the Yankee steel,
Canada, my Canada!

Thou wilt not cower in the brine,
Canada, my Canada!
Thou wilt not drop thy fishing line,
Canada, my Canada!
Defend thy sculpine, save thy ska'e,
Strike for thy shad with sole elate,
Don't swear and spit upon thy bait,
Canada, my Canada!

Deal gently with a herring race,
Canada, my Canada!
Put up your swordfish in its place,
Canada, my Canada!
If for reprisal you would sue,
Just turn your other cheek; please do
And take a Yankee smack or two,
Canada, my Canada!

—[Philadelphia Inquirer]

Proud of His Memory.

Brown: I say, Dumley, you haven't forgotten that ten dollar bill you borrowed of me a long time ago, have you?

Dumley (in a hurt tone of voice): Forgotten it, my dear boy? Do you think I'm so weak-minded as all that? I'd rather a man would impugn my credit any day than my memory.

Opposition is what we want, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

Pans of water placed in fruit and berry patches will keep birds from eating the fruit. An English naturalist claims that the reason birds eat cherries and strawberries is because in the blazing heat they get dreadfully thirsty. If the birds can easily get at water they soon leave off taking the fruit.

Preacher (at Waifs' mission)—"Yes, my dear children, you little know of the blessed influences which now surround you. My son is here with me to-day, and I will ask him for a leaf from his own experience. Stand up, my son, and speak so all the children can hear you. How were you led to the Sabbath school?" Preacher's son (fiercely)—"By the ear."

Would Throw That In.

"My friend," said a tight-fisted banker to a young man who had pulled him out of the water, "I appreciate the fact that you have saved my life and I am prepared to reward you—to reward you liberally for your services. What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir, there was a suit of clothes spoilt," said the rescuer, who was good-natured, though not educated; "that would be about seventeen dollars; then I lost my hat; that would be fifty cents; then I took considerable liquor to keep off a cold, which cost me a quarter. I don't think of anything else, sir."

"But you do not mention the fact that you have saved my life. What can I do for you on that score?"

"Oh, well, call the whole thing eighteen dollars—that's as much as it's worth, I guess."

The Sea.

The word of the sweetest songs, and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to
my feet,

Legal Carr's.

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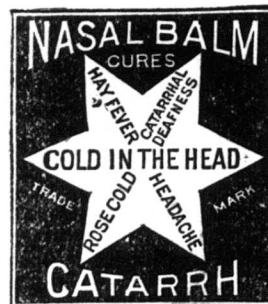
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THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.

We have no reason to feel ashamed of the growth of our North-West. Winnipeg is to-day a thriving city containing upwards of 20,000 people, and yet the man is still young who can remember Fort Garry as a Hudson Bay port, surrounded by its beggarly collection of huts. But we say emphatically that even had the development of the North-west proceeded more slowly than it has it would be better so than that it should lose its distinctive British and Canadian character and become a collection of foreign colonies whose people would remain unmoved at the sight of the maple leaf or red cross of St. George.

Hostilities have been resumed in the Sudan, and the forces of the Mahdi have made an attack upon the British garrison at Suakim. There is reason to believe that the troubles at so many points in Africa have been due to a concerted policy on the part of the Arabs, who have discovered in a slowly advancing civilization the danger of serious set-back to the traffic which they have carried on so long and so defiantly. A half-hearted policy on the part of Great Britain at this juncture, such as that which led to the fall of Khartoum, might involve very serious and far-reaching consequences.

Credit is the curse of the working classes in this country. It is the enemy of all thrift. Men and women literally drift into debt and it is only when it is too late they find there is no escape. The facilities for furnishing on credit have much to do with the evil of too early marriages and those who begin married life in debt as a rule never get out of it except by bankruptcy and the insolvent's sponge, and that means, with working men being completely sold out. Men marry on credit and repent on judgment summonses. Then a woman often gets into debt without the knowledge of her husband and keeps him in ignorance of proceedings being taken against him till it is too late. A wife that will go into debt without letting her husband know ought to be divorced, though, to be sure, there are often great temptations when doing so. All sound credit rests on the two bases of property or character, and it is just those who are most destitute of both that rush most easily into debt. If it had not been for credit many would have been comfortable if not wealthy who are now beggars. If people could only be persuaded to do without every thing for which they cannot pay in cash the half of life's miseries would disappear.

Michel Eugene Chevreul, the discoverer of margarine, is lying in Paris at the point of death at the extremely advanced age of 102. Most people imagine that this substitute for butter is a recent invention, whereas it was in 1813, seventy-five years ago that Chevreul discovered pig's lard yielded two fats; and one of them, because of the pearly appearance of its potash salt, he called "Margarin," the term being derived from the Greek word for a "pearl-shell." All the world is now familiar with the name, it having been misappropriated by those who manufacture beasts' fat for the butter market, as also by the Governments in legislating for the traffic. Chevreul has been mankind's schoolmaster in fat and soap. It was he, too, who first obtained the pure spermaceti fat from the substance that is mixed with the oil in the head of the great sperm-whale. And talking of margarine we note that under the newly enacted law of England requiring oleomargarine and other substitutes for butter to be called by their right name, the importation of the stuff has greatly decreased, while the importation of butter has very materially increased, proving plainly that the deception practised was largely the cause of the former great demand for oleomargarine, butterine, etc.

THE SEA.
The word of the sweetest songs, and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to
my feet,
The sea whispered me

It was a habit of the late Professor R. A. Proctor to take an hour's nap every afternoon, and his wife always sat by his bedside while he was sleeping.

Mrs. Simpkins—"Did you go to the grocer's to-day and pay that bill?" Mr. S.—"I started there, but concluded to put it off." "You did! And yet you had the money in your pocket." "My dear, didn't you ever go to a dentist to have a tooth pulled and turn back? And yet you had the tooth in your head. I don't see why a woman can't be consistent sometimes."

A Juvenile Financier.

Harry (who had some money given him to spend at the fair): Papa, things were so cheap at the fair that thirty cents of my money was wasted.

Papa: Wasted?

Harry: Yes; I didn't spend it.

Toronto. F. B. HAVILARD

He Liked to be Accurate.

The farmer's wife ran out to the road and looked up and down. A tramp was shuffling along, when she hailed him. "I say, did you see any cows in the corn in that corner lot?"

"No, ma'am," he replied as he lifted his hat, "I didn't see any cows in the corn, but I did see some of the corn going into the cows at—"

But she was off.

At Opelika a venerable colored man struck me for a quarter to "help repair our meetin' house from damage by de cyclone." "Where is the meeting house?" I asked. "Right ober yere about a mile." "You are the fifth person that has asked for money for that church within three hours. When was it damaged by a cyclone?" "A spell ago." "I rode by it yesterday and it appeared all right." Yes, sah, it ar' all right, now." "We ar' expectin' anoder cyclone in de fall, sah, an' it's gwine ter be a hustler an' blow de spire cl'ar off. Ize collectin' agin it, sah, so we kin make quick repa'rs."

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Time Table, No. 13.

In Effect Nov. 28, 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No.2. No.4.	
	A.M.	P.M.
Napanee.....Leave	11 50	5 10
Napanee Mills....."	12 05	5 25
Newburgh....."	12 15	5 30
Thompson's Mills....."	12 20	5 38
Camden East....."	12 25	5 43
Yarker....."	12 40	6 00
Colebrook....."	12 43	6 02
Galbraith Road....."	12 45	6 05
Varty Lake (Excursion Ground	12 50	6 10
Moscow....."	12 55	6 15
Mualake Bridge....."	1 03	6 25
Enterprise....."	1 10	6 30
Wilson's Crossing....."	1 18	6 38
Tamworth.....Arrive	1 30	6 50

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	No.1. No.3.	
	A.M.	P.M.
Tamworth.....Leave	6 40	2 30
Wilson's Crossing....."	6 55	2 40
Enterprise....."	7 00	2 50
Mudlake Bridge....."	7 07	3 00
Moscow....."	7 15	3 05
Varty Lake (Excursion Ground	7 25	3 00
Galbraith Road....."	7 28	3 15
Colebrook....."	7 30	3 15
Yarker....."	7 45	3 17
Camden East....."	7 50	3 30
Thompson's Mills....."	7 55	3 35
Newburgh....."	8 05	4 42
Napanee Mills....."	8 20	4 50
Napanee.....Arrive.		

STAGE CONNECTIONS.—Camden East for Centreville and Desmond, Yarker for Petworth, Enterprise for Belrock & Verona, Tamworth, for Erinsville daily, and for Arden tri-weekly, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, upon arrival of No. 2 train.

Stop only when passengers at or for. The Conductor will collect FIVE CENTS extra from all not supplied with a Ticket excepting those who get on at a Flag Station. No Return Tickets issued on the train.

This Time Table shows the times at which the trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several stations; but, as the punctuality of trains depends on connection with other lines, the arrivals and departures at the time stated is not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, E. W. RATHBUN
Ass't Gen. Man. Superintendent, Gen. Man.

HOUSEHOLD.

Parental Responsibility.

This sounds old, and yet parents keep right on forgetting their responsibility.

One of the most difficult lessons to be impressed on any mind, is the power and extent of individual influence. In nine cases but of ten, the mother's influence is more lasting in her family than the father's, but both parents are equally responsible in their high and holy callings, and it is a pity that parents are so slow to believe that their children are what they make them.

Now, I want to talk just for a few minutes with you, mothers. It may be dry talk—nothing "funny," but true.

The oak which waves in our forests to-day was its form, its specie and its tint to the acorn which dropped from its ancestor. Human life extends beyond the three score and ten years which bound its visible existence here. The characters of the dead are inwrought into those of the living; the generations below the sod formed that which now dwells and acts upon the earth. Parents of this generation are molding that which shall succeed it, and distant posterity shall inherit the characteristics which we impress into our children to-day. Is it indeed true that the generation crumbling with the dust formed that which now dwells and acts upon the earth? Is it true, that when we ourselves are mingled with it a generation shall be left behind which shall bear our impress; that the happiness of the living are indeed affected by those whose very names are forgotten upon this earth? We must believe it is truly so.

Ten thousand shades of character make an age, ten thousand influences leave the playground to tell upon the nation. In what light then must we regard parental responsibility? Let the parents whose work is yet to do or now in progress ponder it well. If it is true that the happiness of families, the well-being of the nation are in the trust of parents, if parental character produces effects which stretch from time into eternity, which are seen through all the phases of society, commencing around the cradle and extending into the company of seraphim, then surely parental responsibility is a subject worthy of deepest consideration.

As parents, we should not treat lightly our commission, and yet not be over-sensitive with a feeling that such responsibilities are awful. They ask but faithfulness and love, and met by these return a reward, soul touching and unending.

Mischievous Babies

Are a great care to the mother who is cook, housemaid, sewing woman and nurse all at once, and where to put them for safety is a great problem. For my creeping children, I had made a sort of little table, with outward-sloping legs mounted on casters. The top of the table was twenty-two inches square. One half the top was moveable, attached by a pivot. In the centre of the table was a hole just large enough to admit the baby below the arms. When in this, the six-months-old baby could travel as fast as any of the older children. There was no danger of burnt fingers or other hurts, for the table projected two or three inches beyond the little fingers. A slight rim around the edge sufficed to keep toys in reaching distance. Care was taken not to allow the child to become tired. There were no bad results from the use, but I think he would have walked alone sooner without it, as he was a year old before he would attempt to walk where he could not touch his fingers. A better contrivance, because two children can be secured in it at once, is to have a large dry goods

chop half of a small, raw onion and two sprigs of parsley. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a sauce-pan, and let heat; put in the onion and parsley with half a cup of flour, stir well until cooked, then add a cupful of soup stock, and stir until a smooth paste. Season with pepper and salt, a little grated nutmeg and the juice of half of a small onion; stir well together, and mix in the pieces of chicken. Mold into croquettes, roll in cracker crumbs, dip in egg, and fry in boiling lard. Garnish with parsley, and arrange standing on a large dish.

TO TOW WHEAT TO EUROPE.

A Scheme from Duluth but one not Likely to Succeed.

A man in Duluth has an invention which he thinks will cheapen by half the cost of transporting grain and lumber from the Northwest to Europe. In his idea there are suggestions of the Leary raft, a canal boat, and a torpedo boat. His plan is to make cigar-shaped cylinders of steel, which are to be loaded in Duluth with grain, sealed up, taken in tow through the lakes to Buffalo, through the Erie Canal to Albany, down the Hudson, and over to Liverpool, without once breaking bulk.

One of these shells is now on the stocks at Duluth, and it will be sent to Liverpool as soon as it is tested and the necessary contracts for towing are made. It is likely, though, that more than one shell will be built before an experimental trip across the ocean is made, as it would not be a complete experiment nor would it pay to take over only one shell. The shells are made as large as the locks of the Erie Canal will permit. That is the limit to the size of any vessel bound from Duluth to New York.

The shells are made of steel plates riveted to each other like a boiler's plates. Inside there is a sheathing to prevent the water from getting into the wheat. That is all there is to the interior. Outside there is a railing around the hatch and a place for a man to stand and steer. The steering apparatus is detachable. The intention is to have a steersman on each shell while going through the Erie Canal and other canals on the way from Duluth to New York, but at New York to lash the shells together and tow them across to Liverpool, taking the quietest time of the year to go and the easiest routes, without an effort to make any quicker transit than a sailing vessel would, though in time improvement might come that would allow quicker transportation.

The saving would be in elevator charges, in the cost of loading and unloading at Buffalo and New York, and in the reduced cost of towing, as it would be cheaper to tow the shells over than to load the wheat on a steamer and take it across. The grain comes by rail from the wheat fields of Minnesota, Dakota, and Manitoba to Duluth, where it is put in the grain elevators until ready for shipment. At present it is taken from there through the lakes to Buffalo, elevated again, put in canal boats, taken to New York, again elevated, put into a steamer, and sent to Liverpool. The waves can wash over the shells all they wish, as the shells are hermetically sealed, and the water will not get in unless the seams start.

The main trouble will be in keeping the tow together in the ocean. The waves may break the tow line or a storm may arise and swamp everything. The towing steamer might have to part with the shells to save itself, but they would float, and though the chance of picking them up after they were once cut loose would be small, there would be a possibility of it.

If this invention turns out well it will cut the cost of transporting wheat from Duluth to Liverpool five to twelve cents a bushel.

ON A FEVER TRAIN.

Incidents of a Trip Northward of Panic-Stricken Refugees.

Never, says a correspondent, did man take a chastier ride than our correspondent when he left the Union depot with the train of yellow fever refugees from Florida.

The stop in Atlanta, the serving of lunches and the excitement of the city, seemed to have infected the crowd, and from the time the train pulled out of the depot it was apparent that Dr. Guiteras had lost control of them. Men and women were nervous to an uncontrollable degree. A half dozen stronger spirits would organize on each car and practically take charge of it. If a passenger complained of feeling unwell there was instant demand for him to be put off the train. In two cases this demand would have been enforced by main strength but for the determination of two or three humane and determined men. In one car a woman was taken with a chill, which in a few moments was succeeded by fever. She was immediately taken from one car into another, and the car she was ejected from was barricaded and no one allowed to go out or in. This trick was soon discovered, and as the rumour passed that there were sick people on this car, a quarantine was immediately established in every other car. The consequence was that before the train reached the Carolina line every car was practically barricaded against every other car, and there was quarantine all along the line. Having been locked up for nearly two days and nights, without sleep, excited by the fears of the plague, hungry and thirsty, it is remarkable that there were not actual tragedies enacted on the train.

A curious and ludicrous effect was produced at almost every station. The crowd of loafers that usually hang about depots came peering about the car windows to investigate the train. Upon being informed that it was the yellow fever train, they fled like sheep, and as the contagion spread, one could see from the car window whole villages scudding around corners, and taking for the woods, as the dread train moved its slow and ghastly length along. At Westminster, or near Westminster, S. C., four of the passengers on the train were missing. It was presumed that in some way they had escaped from the car after the train had pulled out, and taken their chances by a jump from the cars and a dash into the woods.

A very strange thing was done upon the arrival of the refugees at Hendersonville. Dr. Guiteras removed all restraint upon reaching this point. There was no quarantine established, and the excursionists who had been so carefully guarded all the way from Florida to this point were at liberty to go where they pleased. There being no quarantine against Hendersonville, and no quarantine there, there is nothing to prevent the 400 refugees, seven of whom are down with the fever, going where they please. They are scattering widely.

When the train load of yellow-faced, gaunt, and nervous refugees were dumped at Hendersonville's gates a scene was witnessed which rivalled the most affecting scenes of war times. Men who, in the rush at Jacksonville, had been separated from their families, hustled into cars and locked up, and who had made the entire trip without knowing whether or not their families were on board, upon being given their freedom rushed madly from one group to another in the too frequently vain search for their loved ones, until, worn out and completely undone from loss of sleep and nervous prostration, they sank to the ground unable to go further, and remained there until the relief committee which had been

before he would attempt to walk where he could not touch his fingers. A better contrivance, because two children can be secured in it at once, is to have a large dry goods box mounted on casters. Remove the nails projecting on the inside, and pad the sides with old comforts or cotton batting; cover with cretonne or furniture calico. If two or three six inch square windows are left in it, it becomes a veritable doll house, and few children will refuse to go into it. However, it must be always understood that it is a house for good children. If the child is put there for punishment it will never be thought a nice house again. One woman utilized the sawn into portions of a sugar hog's head to keep two lively youngsters out of harm's way.

Any of these arrangements saves the mother a great deal of worry and the child a great deal of suffering. Every large city daily has accounts of more or less little children scalded or bruised or burned, falling from windows or drinking lye or other poisons that nobody thought the child would touch. I am acquainted with a woman, now nearly sixty years old, who has never been able to either speak or hear since the time she toddled out where her mother was making soap and drank some strong lye.

Recipes.

WAFFLES.—Beat three eggs very light, to which add one pint of rich milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, with flour sufficient to make a soft batter. Bake quickly in buttered waffle-irons, and serve very hot.

BAKED APPLES.—Pare and core large, juicy apples. Fill the cavities with sugar and a little lemon juice and thin slices of the rind; put them in a pan with a little water, and sprinkle sugar over the tops; bake them often, and when done, set them away to cool. Serve with cream.

BROILED PHEASANT.—Place on a steamer over hot water until tender; rub over with salt, pepper and butter; lay on a greased gridiron, and set over live coals; broil and turn until both sides are brown. Take up, put on a pan and cover with butter. Put in a very hot oven ten minutes, and serve with currant jelly.

BOILED CORNED BEEF.—Put a piece of corned beef in a pot with cold water to cover, let come to a boil, and set on the back of the stove to boil slowly. Let simmer four hours—longer if very large. When nearly done, scrape a dozen carrots and drop in. When done, dish, and arrange the carrots around. Serve with small pickles.

TOMATO SOUP.—Peel a dozen large tomatoes, boil until they are thoroughly done, and press through a sieve. To a quart of tomato pulp add a teaspoonful of soda. Put an ounce of butter in a sauce-pan, and heat, stirring in a small tablespoonful of flour; when cooked, pour in a pint of hot milk. Season with a little cayenne pepper and salt. Throw in a handful of broken crackers, let boil, and add the tomato pulp. Heat without boiling, and serve.

FRIED LIVER WITH BROWN SAUCE.—Cut the liver in slices, cover with boiling water, and let stand five minutes; take out of the water and wipe dry; dredge with flour, salt and pepper. Put two slices of fat bacon in a frying pan, put the liver in, fry brown on one side and then on the other. Place on a hot dish with the bacon, cut in small pieces. To the grease in the pan add a tablespoonful of flour, and stir until brown; pour in half a pint of soup stock, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and mushroom catsup each, with salt to taste; pour over the liver and serve.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Boil one large chicken, with an onion thrown in the water. When done, cut the chicken in small pieces;

once cut loose would be small, there would be a possibility of it.

If this invention turns out well it will cut the cost of transporting wheat from Duluth to Liverpool five to twelve cents a bushel. That will be a big item when multiplied by the millions of bushels yearly exported from the Northwest. The saving by not having to break bulk at Buffalo would alone amount to three to five cents a bushel, and if the New York to Liverpool part of the experiment is a failure there remains a large probability of cutting the wheat rate between Duluth and New York while navigation on the Erie Canal is open.

This, if successful, will be a much bigger thing than Mr. Leary's experiment of bringing lumber from Nova Scotia here in rafts, as it will change the whole lake trade. If successful, the lake schooners which are now making enough profit in three good years to pay for themselves will have to come down in their freight rates, and the railroads running to Duluth will be banned, while the all-rail freight routes most will suffer. There is a fight between Duluth and Chicago now for the wheat of the Northwest. Duluth has the advantage of shorter distances of railroad transportation from the wheat fields, while Chicago has the larger capital and the older business. Duluth has large ore shipments in addition to the grain, and, though the ore is not shipped to Europe a cheap rate of transportation would enable the ore companies to send it to New York. It already goes to Cleveland. On the return the shells might be used to take coal to the Northwest. Most of the coal consumed in the Northwest comes from Buffalo, the freight west being coal, and east grain and ore.

A Trifle Skeptical.

Minister—Well, Bobby, what did you learn at school to-day?

Bobby—I learned that the world is round, and turns on hinges like that globe in the parlor.

Minister—Well, what did you think of that?

Bobby—I think they're asking me to believe a good deal for a small boy.

Education in Toronto.

Toronto is steadily advancing in educational matters. The University has had two additional professorships endowed by the city, and is erecting a large and handsome building for the School of Practical Science; a new Ladies' College has been opened under the auspices of the Baptist University, and a College of Music has been opened under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, who has been for sixteen years organist of the Metropolitan Methodist Church and conductor of the Philharmonic Society. In its system of teaching and the scope of its departments, the College resembles the University and provides a practical education, for both professional and amateur, in all branches of music.

A Single Trial

Is all that is needed to prove that Polson's Nerviline is the most rapid and certain remedy in the world for pain. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove Nerviline to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try 10 cent sample bottle. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents. Avoid substitutes.

Two young Germans in Berlin fought a duel with tricycles. Starting at 300 yards apart, they charged full tilt against each other, with slight injury to themselves and serious hurts to their machines. Their honor was satisfied.

for their loved ones, until, worn out and completely undone from loss of sleep and nervous prostration, they sank to the ground unable to go further, and remained there until the relief committee which had been organized by the citizens carried them to the hospitable homes of some of the villagers, where they were cared for. Mothers with babies in their arms, and children clinging to their knees, as they cried for food and water and a resting place, were vainly searching among the crowd for missing husbands. Children were searching for parents, and parents for children. It took the whole day to get the refugees comfortably quartered, and this was not accomplished until long lines of tents had been pitched in every part of the town.

The Kindlier Country Way.

Now it is inevitable that the kindest people living in cities should fall into a greater reserve of manner toward strangers than that developed in the country, where people know all about their neighbors. In a city you cannot nod to everybody you meet on the street; there is not time for it. You cannot even call on those who live in the same block with you. You may be living in the next house to a professional gambler and have no means of ascertaining the fact. All these things produce in people from the cities a habit of more guarded intercourse, which is certainly less pleasant than the kindlier country way, but is not easy to lay aside. Again, the mere possession of a new acquaintance, as such, is a privilege to one who habitually lives an isolated life, but is not a thing so eagerly desired by those who live in a crowd all the time, and have rather to acquire the habit of defending themselves against numbers. Indeed a great deal of what is called hospitality in thinly settled regions and new communities has no especial unselfishness about it; where neighbors and guests are few it is really the visitor who confers the favor. To give the pleasure of his company becomes in that case a phrase of some meaning.

A Little Too Much.

Dumley (to driver)—How much?

Driver—Ten dollars, sir.

Dumley—Wha-at! That's too much.

Driver—It's a long drive out there an' back, sir, an' them hosses had to have oats, an' (dubiously) I'm afeared that nigh one had too much; he ain't actin' right.

Dumley (indignantly)—Well, I don't propose that you shall kill your horses at my expense.

Colonel Markham, an English hunter, has a good record in the tiger line. He has killed seventy-two.

Harvest Excursion to Minnesota, Dakota and Montana. First class accommodation. Tickets good for 30 days, including stop over privilege of 10 days going and 5 days returning, on the following dates: Tuesday, Sept. 25; Tuesday, Oct. 9 and Tuesday, Oct. 23. For free maps, books and all particulars, address J. M. HUCKINS, Trav. Pass. Agent, Palmer House Block, Toronto; F. I. WHITNEY, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent; J. BOOKWALTER, Land Commissioner.

Memphis has a charter for a bridge across the Mississippi, and Vicksburg is likely to obtain one, also.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

A Better Name.

Pretty Cousin (to young Sissy) Why, Charley, since I last saw you you have grown quite a beard.

Young Sissy—Ya'as, Maude; mutton-chop whiskers, you know.

Pretty Cousin—Oh, are they? Why they look more like lamb chop whiskers.

Economy in Dress.

Dressmaker—There doesn't seem to be stuff enough here to make a train three yards long.

Society Belle—Dear me! how much more is needed?

"About half a yard."

"Well, take it off the neck."

Harvest Excursions.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway Company announces a series of harvest excursions to points in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska, for which tickets will be sold, September 11th, September 25th, October 9th, and October 23rd, at the rate of one fare for the round trip. These excursions will afford exceptional opportunities for personal inspection of the productive country reached by the Chicago and North-Western Railway lines. For full information address E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

The home of Audobon, the naturalist, on Twelfth avenue, New York, is to be sold.

"He most lives who thinks the most,
Acts the noblest feels the best,
And he whose heart beats quickest
Lives the longest, lives in one hour
More than in years do some whose
Fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins."

These lines describe that condition of perfect health which all men and women wish to enjoy. To be able to think clearly, to incline to do noble acts, to live long and joyously, we must be free from the domination of disease. By taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery we may, by purifying the blood, escape consumption, general debility, and weakness, and all blood and skin diseases, and verify the truth of poetry as well as fact.

My love was like a lily fair,
Low crooping in the sultry air,
My heart was rent with grief and care.
I loved her well.

But lo! The wonder grows and grows;
My love's now like a blooming rose.
How bright her face with beauty glows,
I dare not tell.

The wandering bee would stop to sip,
The nectar of her perfect lip.
'Twas Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
tion wrought the spell.

Oscar Wilde has made a success of his fairy stories.

The only reliable cure for catarrh is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

James Carlyle, brother of Thomas, is the only surviving member of the Carlyle family now in England.

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After spending Ten Winters South, was Cured by Scott's Emulsion. 146 Centre St., New York, June 25th, 1888.

The Winter after the great fire in Chicago I contracted Bronchial affections, and since then have been obliged to spend nearly every Winter South. Last November was advised to try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and to my surprise was relieved at once, and by continuing its use three months was entirely cured, gained flesh and strength and was able to stand even the Blizzard and attend to business every day. **C. T. CHURCHILL.** Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

Satisfaction guaranteed to each lady the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children. **PROF. SMITH**, 349 1/2 Queen St. W., Toronto. Agents Wanted.

Stained Glasses FOR CHURCHES, DWELLINGS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS. **M'CAUSLAND & SON**, 76 King St. W., Toronto.

Merchants, Butchers, and Traders generally. We want a **GOOD MAN** in your locality to pick up **CALF SKINS** For us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address, **C. S. PAGE**, HYDE PARK, Vermont, U. S.

Now that the Cool Autumn Days Have come, every one feels the want of a **WARMING, INVIGORATING BEVERAGE**, and this want is fully supplied by

JOHNSTON'S



FLUID BEEF

THE GREAT STRENGTH-GIVER. It is the greatest generator of heat. It stimulates the circulation, nourishes the system and fortifies it against the attacks of cold and disease.



There are many IMITATIONS of

"Peerless" MACHINE OIL,

but none equal it in lubricating properties. **FARMERS, MILLMEN**, etc, find none equal to the **GENUINE Peerless** made by

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., TORONTO. Sold by dealers everywhere.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASS'N.

Capital and Funds now over \$3,000,000. **HEAD OFFICE, 15 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.** A Home Company, Established October 1871.

To this Date, October 31, 1887, there has been returned:

To the heirs of Policy holders (death-claims).....	\$649,249 00
To the holders of matured Endowment Policies.....	26,492 63
To Policy-holders on surrender of Policies.....	98,656 00
To Policy-holders for Cash profits (including those allocated and being paid).....	432,544 02
To holders of Annuity Bonds.....	16,967 84
Loaned to Policy-holders on the Security of their Policies.....	82,264 98
	\$1,306,174 47

Policies in Force over 10,000. Amount over **\$15,000,000**
PRESIDENT—HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—WILLIAM ELLIOTT, Esq.; EDWARD HOOPER, Esq.
J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.
 Policies Non-forfeitable after 2 Years and Indefeasible after 3 years.

Hop Bitters

RELY ON THEM. A Wonderful Nerve Tonic. A Medicine, Not a Drink. Recognized "the best" in England, Australia and United States.

Hop Bitters

CURE ALL DISEASES of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs. Get at Druggists to-day; may save your Life.

Hop Bitters

Greatest known Remedy for Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints, **DRUNKENNESS.** \$1000 Reward for case they will not cure.

Robinson & Co

Successors to Downey & Co

Millinery.

Our successful opening of three weeks since presaged a successful season. Thus far we are glad to say that it has been very successful, and there is not the slightest reason why it should not continue. Our goods are right, and our prices are in correspondence with the times. Miss Smith and Miss Ham are first class artists. They can please you if stylish goods, neatly trimmed, at a low price, coupled with kind and courteous treatment, can please. We are satisfied that if you once try us for Millinery you will always buy from us. This is the experience of hundreds of ladies who have made their purchases from us this season. Remember, millinery goods are sold at the regular dry goods profit here.

Dress Goods.

We excel in fine Dress Goods. Without a doubt we handle more dress goods in a month than a great many houses do in a year. This enables us to continually present to our customers the very newest goods and the very latest styles. We have a magnificent stock of Trimmings to match all goods. Our dress goods range in price from 8c per yd up.

Bazaar Glove-fitting Patterns.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies to the fact we have now a full stock of these celebrated patterns in stock. Catalogues furnished free on application.

Gloves.

The Downey Co.

Keep constantly on hand, for sale at lowest prices, the
GENUINE SCRANTON COAL.

o Blossburgh and soft coals
Hard and soft wood, cut and split, or uncut, delivered any part of the town.

HAY,

direct from eastern townships

Good Quality, Low Price,

Cracked Feed, Corn Meal, Bran, Shorts, Hen Feed, Oats Rye, Wheat, Corn, Timothy and Clover, Slt etc. Try our

HUNGARIAN

flour. Cash for all kinds of grain. Storehouse open the year round. Always in the market for grain. A call solicited.

THE DOWNEY CO.

Office, yard and storehouse, foot Centre-st.
4088ly

Pianos & Organs

—AT—

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Good second hand instruments for sale on small payments. Now is your time to secure a bargain in pianos. A fine Emerson at one quarter regular price.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY

Of every description. Special lines in Ladies Notepaper and Envelopes. Wall Paper and Window Shades at 25 per cent. off.

Madden's Bookstore.

2288ly

W. D. MADDEN,
Ticket Agent C.P. R.

The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, OCT. 19, 1888

—Archer.
—The great organist,
—On Saturday night next,
—In the Eastern Methodist Church.
—Thursday, November 15th, has been appointed Thanksgiving Day.
—Go and hear the great organist in the Eastern Methodist Church Saturday night.
—A good cooking stove for sale cheap, for cash, or time if required. Apply to Geo. I. Ham 3888atf.
—Allen Van Elaricom, Amherst Island, has sold his pedigreed St Bernard dog to a New York fancier for \$150.
—On our supplement will be found considerable local and other interesting matter crowded out of last issue.
—Boys ready-made suits and overcoats cheap at Robinson and Co's.
—The fall assizes for this county will be held at Napanee, on Thursday, Nov. 1st, commencing at 10 o'clock a.m.
—Rev. Dr. Bredin preached two very acceptable sermons to good congregations in the Eastern Methodist church on Sunday last.
—At the council meeting on Monday night Mr D. Henwood was appointed tax collector at a salary of \$125. He is now at his work.
—The Ernesttown court of revision took place before Judge Wilkison on Friday. As there were but few errors the sitting was of very short duration.
—We were visited by quite a heavy rain storm on Tuesday evening accompanied by vivid lightening and loud thunder. Between this place and Newburgh the storm was very heavy.
—On Tuesday last a monstrous pumpkin was brought to town by w.m. Shibley. It was raised by Dr. McCartney near Bath and weighed 101 pounds. who can beat it?
“Who will be mayor and who will be councillors next year?” is a question that is already beginning to agitate the minds of “ward politicians.” Some may come and some may go, etc.
—The meetings in the western Meth. ch. have so increased in interest that the congregation will go into the church tonight. A number have been seeking religion and some converted.
—The date of Archer's visit has been changed to Saturday, 20th inst, owing to circumstances that could not be controlled here. He will on that evening appear in the Eastern Methodist Church.
—Hullett, the photographer, takes picture in sunshine or rain, mud or dust. Saturday he had his pants rolled up and was busy in the mud taking outside views. His pictures are always admired. Call and see specimens.
—Methodist ministers in the Napanee district are hereby requested to attend a district convention in aid of the Education work on Tuesday the 3rd inst., commencing at 3 p. m. in the Eastern meth church. A. B. Chambers, chairman.
—There is a good chance for some active and trusty men to secure paying work at once by engaging with Jas E. Whitbey, nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y., to sell his warranted nursery stock. He furnishes outfit free and the work is steady. Experience is not required. 4388ra
—For infraction of the Scott Act these parties have been fined this week. Wm. Grieves, of the Rush Inn, \$50; Robt. Robinson, of the richborne House, \$50; Marshall Amey, second offence, \$100; Mrs. Chester Files, Colebrook, \$50.
—On our first page will be found an ad

free on application.

Gloves.

Gents' Gloves in Kid Napa Buck, Buck & Wool. Gents' Mitts in Kid, Napa Buck, Buck and Wool. Our Ladies' Stitched Back Kid Gloves (manufactured to our order) at \$1 per pair are pronounced a superior article and the best value in the trade.

Hosiery.

Gents' Hose in Lisle, Cashmere, Scotch Wool and Wool in all sizes and at all prices. Ladies' Hose in Silk, Lisle, Cashmere and Wool. Our Ladies' Cashmere Hose at 25c per pair are a specialty. A line of Children's Hose reduced to 5 and 10c per pair, which were 20, 25 and 30c per pair.

Flannels.

People say to us, Why is it that you can sell Flannels so much cheaper than your neighbors? You sell us Flannels for 18, 20 and 25c that others charge us 20, 25 and 30c for. The reason is simply this—we have discovered the cheapest market in which to buy Flannels, and are giving our customers the benefit. Handling them in large quantities we handle them very closely. Our Flannels are by long odds the best values in the market to-day. Ask to see our special line of all-wool Flannels at 18c per yd.

Fine Ordered Clothing.

In this department Mr. Walters informs us that he has a splendid lot of Overcoatings for the winter season. Leave your order early, and secure a first-class garment. His stock of Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings is also very large.

Robinson & Co

Successors to Downey & Co

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, OCT. 19, 1888

Marriage Licenses

Issued by Ogden Hinch, at Cheapside, (application strictly private and confidential.) 22881y

Chas Lane

Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Front of Grammar school, Bridge Street, Napanee. 22881y

D. S. Warner.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Residence next door to Dr Cook. Office, Warner block, Napanee. 488z

—Try SPENCER'S tea, 4 lbs for \$1.
—The best hardwood bedstead for \$2.50 at GIBBARD'S.

—For that genuine English breakfast bacon, you must go to H. R. SPENCER'S.

—You can buy a good hardwood side board at GIBBARD'S for \$7.50 with glass back.

—Platform and counter scales for house and farm use, best in quality, low in price, at R. G. Wright's.

Now is the time, if you want a new watch, go to Mr. F. Chinneck's. Just received a new lot of gold and silver watches.

—For sale at Perry & Co's—Coal oil, coal tar, pine tar, pitch, resin, lamps, chimneys, glass, putty paints oils dye stuffs patent medicines etc etc, cheaper than anywhere else in town.

—Peerless machine oil, axle grease, leather and rubber belting, lace leather, coppering rabbit metal, asbestos, rubber, hemp, and soap stone packing, and all other threshers' supplies, at bottom prices at R. G. Wright's.

—A. S. Kimmerly wishes to inform the public that having secured a large stock of choice western flour before the advance he will continue to sell cheaper than other dealers can buy it wholesale. Now is the time to secure your winter's supply before a further advance. I have just received another lot of that choice 25 cent tea, beats all others.

—A large stock of Araratware just received a R. G. Wright's.

—GIBBARD has the cheapest parlor setts ever offered. You should see them.

—J. GIBBARD & SON have just manufactured the finest hardwood bedroom sets ever produced in Canada for \$15 per sett, consisting of bedstead, bureau and enclosed washstand. You should see them before buying.

—The most delicious sugar cured hams at SPENCER'S

—Don't fail to see that \$15 bedroom sett, all hardwood and extra finished, at GIBBARD'S.

—Call and see big bargains in all musical instruments school books, stationery etc. at Madden's bookstore

—All bedroom setts sold by GIBBARD & SON have good true looking-glasses. We use no cheap hash that makes your face look as though you had lost the best friend on earth.

—Men's ready-made suits and Overcoats cheap at Robinson & Co's.

—We strongly advise all our readers visiting our fall fair, to call at Gallagher's Bargain House if they require anything in wall paper, window shades, window poles, mirrors, oil paintings, school books, stationery, fancy goods, toilet soaps, etc. His stock is well selected and his prices are the lowest. A call at Gallagher's Bargain House will convince you.

—Everything goes at the 7 cent store. The man goes to strike the mouse and the mouse goes out of sight and the bargains go out of the shop as fast as they go in. Vance has large boxes of matches at 8c per box, 3 boxes of starch for 25c 2 good brooms for 25c, 2 papers of pins for 5c, 3 cakes of glycerine soap for 7c, goblets 5c, lead pencils 8 for 7c; also tinware, crockery, glassware and musical instruments at the 7 cent store, west of the Campbell House.

—Wednesday's 2 o'clock train had Tom Buckley and five other persons on board for Kingston penitentiary. THE EXPRESS reporter had a look at the individuals, and was very much struck with the hard looking appearance of the men, a harder lot it would be hard to get together. At Belleville among others who had a look at the men was a little boy, who, pointing his finger at Buckley, asked if that was the man who killed the woman at Toronto. The prisoner heard him and called out, "Yes; come here and I'll kill you too."

Use GRANGE'S COUGH-NOT

inson, of the Richborne House, \$50; Mrs. shall Amey, second offence, \$100; Mrs. Chester Files, Colebrook, \$50.

—On our first page will be found an advertisement, asking a tenant for the Switzer homestead in Ernestown. As Mr. Switzer has been advised to go south for his health, he has determined to rent. This is an excellent opportunity for anyone desiring to secure a good farm on reasonable terms.

—On Saturday night last there was stolen from D. Bartles, residing on the old Bartles homestead, about a mile east of Morven, 27 turkeys, 9 geese, a barrel of feathers and a grindstone. The parties have been well acquainted with the surroundings as the fowl were closed in a building from foxes that had killed a number of turkeys a short time ago. No trace of the thieves.

—Send to F. P. Shumway, Jr., Boston, Mass., for a free sample copy of the COTTAGE HEARTH, a beautiful illustrated magazine, and so realize what an extraordinary offer we are making when we offer to send both the COTTAGE HEARTH and THE EXPRESS a full year for only \$1.50, when the price of THE COTTAGE HEARTH alone is \$1.50 a year, thus giving you two standard publications at price of one.

—Miss Mary Detlor will open a copying office in the Campbell House Block on Monday next. Miss Detlor will be prepared to do copying of all kinds as well as shorthand work at reasonable rates. Besides doing this work Miss Detlor intends forming a class of pupils in both short hand and type writing and will be pleased to receive applications for either private or class instruction. 4688z

—Monday afternoon Mr. J. McBride, of Tyendinaga, was unloading some grain at Downey's. He had just got through his task when he commenced coughing. Losing his balance he fell out of the wagon, and there lay until picked up and carried into the office. Bleeding at the lungs set in. A physician was sent for who treated him. The man now lies at Grieves' hotel, being unable to take the journey home.

—Youths ready-made suits and overcoats cheap at Robinson & Co's.

—Mr W. A. Rose, of Turner, Rose & Co., came home the latter part of last week and left his valise, containing grocery samples and price book, just within the kitchen door of his house on John st. The next morning they were missing. On Sunday the book was returned to him, having been found on the railroad track along with some of the samples, which were spoiled. Evidently some sneak thief had pounced upon them thinking he had struck a bonanza.

—The residents of this section will be pleased to hear that the Napanee cemetery vault has undergone a thorough repair, inside and out and is now in a good strong condition—stronger than ever—for the reception of dead bodies. The front has been fitted up with new arch, door jam and coping. The stones used are of full width instead of in small pieces as formerly. The company consider they have the vault thief proof.

—Our townsmen, Messrs A. S. Kimmerly and F. Bartlett visited Kingston last week and took part in the Kingston rifle association matches. The former made 36 points in the president's and association matches, and the latter 45 in the merchants, each taking prizes. At the second day's shooting Bartlett scored 38 in the Carruthers match, 20 in the extra series, standing; 67 in the battalion shooting and 139 in the grand aggregate. Kimmerly obtained 23 in the 400 and 500 yds. range; 22 in the extra series, kneeling, and 49 in the battalion shooting.

PERSONALS.

—Miss Annie Nash visited friends at Kingsford last week.

—Doutney, the temperance orator (?) is at Woodstock.

—Mr S. Gibson, registrar, spent Sunday at Picton.

—Mr Jno Downey, of Belleville, was in town on Tuesday.

—Inspector Smith, of Tamworth, called upon us Saturday.

—Mr A. It. Boyes, of Montreal, is visiting friends in town.

—Mr J. H. Gallagher returned from his western trip on Tuesday.

—Mr Jas W. Garrison, of Ottawa, is spending a few days in town.

—Miss Addie and Mina Empey left on Thursday for Vancouver B. C.

—Mr McQuade, Reeve Carscallen's undertaker, has arrived in town.

—Mr J. C. Brewy returned from his Manitoba trip on Friday night.

—Mr M. H. Kirkpatrick, of Kingston, was in town on Friday last.

—Mrs. Jas Canniff visited at the home of Mrs. M. Parks, Deseronto, last week.

—Mr. H. V. Fraheok has been the past week on a visit east, in the interest of his firm.

—Messrs Evans and his wife arrived home from their trip to New York last Saturday.

—Mr Moffatt, of the Hamilton stove firm, has been in town this week, looking up business.

—Miss Alice Chalidis, of Hamilton, spent a few days with her friend Mina Empey this week.

—Capt Garrett, late master of the Ella Ross, contemplates entering the life insurance business.

—Messrs. H. Knight and Joe Bennett have returned to town and resumed work at Gibbard & Sons.

—Mr M. W. Bruyn has returned from a trip to Manitoba, looking fully better for his sojourn there.

—Mr Archie Vallean, who is attending the medical college at Kingston, was in town Wednesday.

—Rev Dr Mavety and wife, of Normville, Ill., is visiting the latter's father and other friends in this section.

—Mrs. M. A. Schryver has gone to Chicago to reside with her son Frank, who has been there for some time.

—Mrs Geo Eysel, of Watertown, Dak., has returned to her home after visiting Mrs. Chas James for a time.

—Sir Richard Cartwright has been addressing a series of meetings in his constituency, South Oxford, this week.

—W. C. Coxall, wife and family, went to Colborne on Tuesday to the wedding of Mr. Percy Phillips and Miss Lina Coxall.

—Mr M. B. Sheffield, who has been working at his trade no Watertown during the summer, returned home on Tuesday evening.

—Messrs Thos Hawley and B. F. Smith, of Tamworth leave to-day for Basin city, Montana, having secured employment there.

—Mr Thos Jamieson returned Monday evening from a week's visit at points in the east, including Ottawa, Pembroke and Peckenham.

—Mr W. T. Walker, of Winnipeg, formerly of Napanee, is about entering into partnership with his brother in the publication of the Perth Courier.

—Rev A. B. Chambers, of the Eastern Methodist church, was east over Sunday. He attended the marriage of his brother which took place on Monday.

—Mrs. T. Symington returned from the W. C. T. U. annual meeting at Sarnia Friday night. She was elected vice-president for Lennox and Addington.

—Mrs John McLaurin and family, of Gananoque, have moved to Napanee to reside. Mrs McLaurin is mother of Miss McLaurin, teacher in west ward school.

—Dr. Fred Warner has gone to Brockville where he has decided to locate for the practice of his profession. His many friends here wish him every success.

—Mr J. R. Scott and wife have returned from their trip to the Northwest. They were gone for six weeks and, as usual with those who visit that country, enjoyed themselves.

—Mr T. W. Casey is lecturing in North Gower on behalf of the temperance cause. In about a month he expects to be through in the east and then goes to Iowa State for the winter.

—Mr Thos Benzouza, cousin to Mrs (Rev) E. N. Baker, was the official reporter at the S. S. convention in Kingston. He is an expert shorthand writer and an old newspaper man.

—The Messrs. Haley and Burton, with their families, have taken up residence in the late Huffman house, which these gentlemen now run under its former name—the Paisley house.

—Dr. Archie Walker, formerly pursuer on the Quinte, has been married to Miss Cotter, of Northport, and intends locating at Shannouville, where he will hang out his shingle as a physician.

—Mr. Hub. Williams has returned from Connecticut, where he has been with 130 head of cattle and a car load of horses. He reports business as usual throughout the season.

matters in connection with the Ernestown roll.

—Rev. Wm. W. Miller, of Wolfe Island, is about moving to town to take up residence in his house on East st., lately occupied by Mr Keller.

—We regret to learn that the Rev. Dr. Aylesworth, of St. Thomas, formerly of this place, has been quite ill. His friends will be glad to learn that he is recovering.

—Mrs. Jno. Christie has forsaken Davy's Island for the winter and has taken up residence in the house of Mr. P. Barton on Robert st., the latter moving to his hotel.

—Mr T. M. Henry, B. A., has secured the position of master of the Perth Collegiate Institute. We congratulate him upon his good fortune and the school upon securing one so well qualified.

—The Board of Education, of Perth, appointed Mr. C. Fessenden, of Napanee, as headmaster of the Collegiate Institute, but the Napanee Board refused to release him, and T. M. Henry, B. A., was appointed in his stead. —Journal.

—Mrs. N. Shannon and family left on Tuesday evening for Bay City, Mich., to join her husband where he has been some time filling a good position at his calling of baker. Included in the family was their son, William who has for some years been an employee of this office. Billy is a steady, industrious lad and should succeed in the west.

EXPRESS CLUBBING LIST.

THE EXPRESS will be clubbed with the following papers for the prices quoted—the balance of 1890 of THE EXPRESS free.

The Weekly Globe\$1 75
The Weekly Mail and Farm and Fireside1 75
The Cottage Hearth1 50

MARRIED.

HAWLEY—WHITE—In Kingston, Oct 2nd, 1888 by Rev William Timberlake. Harry M. Hawley of that city, to Miss Lillie White, formerly of Napanee.

MABER—WRIGHT—On October 4th, by the Rev G. W. Henderson at the residence of R. P. Wright, Esq. Dresden uncle of the bride. Oscar Curtis Mabey, M. D. of new Providence Iowa, U. S. of America, to Nellie E. eldest daughter of Jas L. Wright, of Ernestown, and niece of Mr Jas. Fellows, of Napanee.

ALLAN—CARSCALLEN—On Oct 5th, at the parlour Centre st. by Rev E. N. Baker, B. D. Wm P. Allen, of Hungerford to Frank Carscallen, of Napanee.

BORN.

PARKS—At Deseronto, on the 13th inst., the wife of Mr M. Parks of a son

DIED.

CLEARY—At Liverpool, England, on the 7th October Maggie, beloved wife of W. W. Clarry, European representative of the Doherty Organ Co. Clinton, Canada. Mrs Clarry was the eldest daughter of Mr Harris Conger, formerly of Napanee. She resided with her father's family on West st.

BURNIP—In Napanee, on the 13th inst. Jno. J. Burnip, aged 80 years.

The Triumphant Three.

"During three years' suffering with dyspepsia I tried almost every known remedy but kept getting worse until I tried B. B. B. I had only used it three days when I felt better; three bottles completely cured me." W. Nichols, of Kendall, Ont.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having been placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula or simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using, sent by mail by addressing with map, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, Powers' Root, Rochester N. Y.

DR. E. MENG, Veterinary Surgeon.

GRADUATE ONT. VET. COLLEGE, SOME TIME STUDENT OF DR. ACKERHILL, OF BELLEVILLE.

Office—Opposite Market, John-st. NAPANEE, ONT.

Where he may be consulted on Diseases of the Horse and all domesticated animals. 2288lv

THE LENNOX AND ADDINGTON Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

s confined exclusively to isolated farm property and is devoted to the interests of the farmers of the counties of Lennox and Addington, Frontenac and East Hastings.

Board of Directors—Messrs. J. B. Aylesworth, M. W. VanLoven, B. C. Lloyd, U. C. Sills, Miles Shorey, and A. C. Parks.

Honorary Directors—D. W. Allison, A. P. VanLoven, J. W. Bell, M. P., James Baker, Jacob Schomerhorn and D. C. Forward, Allen Pringle.

President—John B. Aylsworth, Esq.

Vice-President—B. C. Lloyd, Esq.

Secretary—N. A. Caton, Esq.

Treasurer—Miles Shorey, Esq.

General Agent—J. N. McKim, J. C. McNeill.

Auditors—Ira B. Huggins and E. L. Percy.

The Board meets at the Company's office on the first Tuesday in each month at 2 P. M.

Napanee Feb. 14th, 1887 2288lv

60,000 BRICK,

1/4 hard, for sale cheap, at SYMINGTON'S.

10,000 ft good Pine Lumber,

13 and 16 feet long. A good chance for any person wanting lumber for fence or shed building. To be sold cheap at SYMINGTON'S.

APPLES, GRAPES, etc., wholesale and retail.

FLOUR & FEED as usual.

GROCERIES of all kinds.

TEAS—India, China and Japan, at very lowest prices.

T. Symington

PRODUCE DEALER,

South side Dundas st., Napanee.

NO CURE NO PAY!

A Fair and Square Offer to Invalids to try The New Method Treatment

By which our necessities during chronic diseases and deformities has been so uniform, that we will now guarantee to treat bad or reputed incurable cases, for a stipulated price until cured, and in case of failure to refund all the money paid, under such written guarantee. It will cost you nothing to investigate this offer, as consultation at the office or by letter free. Take no chance—pay no money to a doctor, unless he has not failed enough in his skill to guarantee a cure. Do not let what name or nature of your disease may be, call or write to us, give age, sex, complexion, a symptom or two, send your money by postal note on the N. W. TRUST CO. of N. Y.

Part I. of this method, with full illustrations, symptoms of diseases and results of over 10,000 cures, is sent free of charge. It contains diseases by all kinds of names, and gives the remedy. It is a book of 100 pages, and is sent free of charge. It is a book of 100 pages, and is sent free of charge.

Part II. of this method, with full illustrations, symptoms of diseases and results of over 10,000 cures, is sent free of charge. It contains diseases by all kinds of names, and gives the remedy. It is a book of 100 pages, and is sent free of charge.

Part III. of this method, with full illustrations, symptoms of diseases and results of over 10,000 cures, is sent free of charge. It contains diseases by all kinds of names, and gives the remedy. It is a book of 100 pages, and is sent free of charge.

We have cured many in all parts of the world.

NAPANEE, ONT.
Where he may be consulted on Diseases of the Horse and all domesticated animals. 22-81y

Sent to Dr. J. C. Jones, 1141's E. 10th, Detroit, Mich.
We have cured my horse in all parts of the world.

Big Bargains

THIS WEEK

WE INVITE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO

Our 20c all-wool Grey Flannels,
Our 25c Heavy Twill Grey Flannels,
Our 8 and 10c Heavy Canton Flannels,
Our 8c Melton Dress Goods,
Our 10c Tweed Dress Goods,
Our 12½c Costume Dress Goods,
Our 20c all-wool Dress Goods,
Our 25c Amazon Cloth Dress Goods,
Our 50c Color'd Cashmere, 1¼ yds wide
Our 50 & 75c double fold Ulster Cloths
Our 50c all-wool Tweeds for Ulsters,
Our 20c Cashmere Gloves,
Our 15c all-wool Hose, (Ladies),
Our 20c Black Cashmere Hose,
3 pairs for 50c,
Our Mens' Underwear at 25c,
Our Mens' Wool Sox, 2 pr for 25c.
Our Grand Stock of Dress Trimmings,
Our Superb Stock of Furs of all kinds,
Our fine Assortment of Tweeds & Suitings,
Our Big Range of Overcoatings,
Our Magnificent Stock of Millinery,
Newest, Cheapest, Richest and Best
in Town.

HOOPER & DOXSEE,

The Leading Millinery House.

—Mr. Hub. Williams has returned from Connecticut, where he has been with 130 head of cattle and a car load of horses. He reports business almost at a standstill throughout the Presidential election.

—Mrs. Wm. G. McConnell returned to her home in Little Washington P. A. after an extended visit with her uncle, Jacob Schermehorn, Richmond. She was accompanied as far as Buffalo N. Y. by her cousin Manly Jones.

—Rev. Mr. Chambers, of Wolfe Island, intends leaving shortly for California for the benefit of his wife's health. As will be noticed by report elsewhere he has been released from the charge there and that of Presbytery clerk.

—Rev. A. Young; Mr and Mrs. A. E. Paul, Mrs J. C. Diewry, Mr and Mrs G. M. Elliott and the latter's mother, Misses. Eklev, Lucy Anderson and Edwards were among those in attendance at the Provincial Sabbath School convention at Kingston this week.

—Still the exodus to uncle Sam's domains continues. Mr W. R. Dorn, who has long been a resident of Ernestown proposes going to Louisiana. On Wednesday he sold his stock preparatory to making the change. And yet he shouts support the N. P.

—With this month Mr Martin ceases teaching in the High School here, his resignation having been accepted by the Board of Education. He goes to the west to engage in mercantile pursuits. We join with the citizens in regret at his proposed removal but trust that success may attend him in his new calling. The Board are now looking round for a successor.

—The residents will regret to learn that Dr W. J. Webster, of White Lake, Dak., is very ill. His father Mr Jno Webster, received a letter from there on Wednesday, under date Oct 13th, stating that, since Sept 21, he has been in bed with a fever. On Oct 5th the fever left him and he began to get better, doing nicely for three days. On the 11th, the fever came again and took more of a typhoid type. He is now quite ill. The informant assured the father that Will was in good hands, every attention being paid him, and said he would report further regarding his condition. It is feared the attack will go hard with the doctor as he is completely worn down through overwork. In a letter to his father some days ago the Dr said he had twenty cases of fever, besides other patients, and had not had his clothes off for three weeks, so urgent were the calls upon him. He had worn out his own horse and was then using two livery animals.

Crowded out of last issue.

—Mr F. H. Neil, of Lucan, arrived in town Tuesday.

—Mr E. Freeman, of Deseronto, was here on Thursday.

—Mr Fred Wilson, of Stone Mills, visited here Thursday.

—Mr J. T. Thorn, of Brighton, was in town on Wednesday.

—Mr C. H. Thompson, of Newburgh, was in town on Monday.

—Mr James Rennie, of Hay Bay, gave us a call on Thursday.

—Mr John W. Wartman, of Camden, was in town Wednesday.

—Mrs D. Unger has returned from an extended visit in the west.

—Mr Frank S. Hamilton, of Buffalo, is visiting friends in town.

—Mr. K. Hart, of the Globe Hotel Belleville, visited his old home on Friday.

—Mr. W. S. Busby, of Trenton, spent Sunday here renewing old acquaintances.

—Mr Gould has again arrived home and intends opening up shop once more.

—Mr E. A. Wright and Mr Doyle, of Picton, were in town Thursday and Friday.

—Mr and Mrs Christopher Keller, of Kaladar, were in town last week visiting friends.

—Mr Stanley Caracallen, of Tamworth, was in town a few days last week visiting relatives.

—Nial P. Wood, of Kingston Penitentiary farm, was in town last Friday and Saturday.

—We were pleased to receive a call from Mr. C. W. Timmerman, of Odessa, on Thursday.

—Mrs Jonathan Stovel, of Guelph, is on a visit to her friends here, the Messrs. Anderson.

—Mrs G. M. Elliott, with her mother and son, have returned home from their visit to Sarnia.

—Mr Frank Trimble, of Toronto, formerly of this place, paid the town a short visit this week.

—Mr. T. B. German, of Belleville, ex-neve of North Fredericksburgh, was in town Saturday.

—Rev. Fr. McDonough attended the consecration services of the new R. C. Church at Belleville last Sunday.

—Master Wm. Gries, who is attending the Dominion Business College, Belleville, was home on a short visit last week.

—Mr Chas. Hunter, formerly of the British American hotel, Kingston, has taken charge of the Campbell House, here.

—Mr. Samuel Phillips left town Thursday evening for British Columbia, where he intends carrying on his business as barber.

—We are pleased to learn that George Van-luven has so far recovered from his late illness as to undertake a visit to friends at Moscow.

—Judge Wilkinson revised the Kingston voters list, and to-day visits Odessa to rectify